PENTHOUSE

OCTOBER / NOVEMBER 2017

THE HEALTH ISSUE

INTERVIEW:
SETH ROGEN

AUSTRALIA'S
OPIATE ADDICTION

THE GLOBAL
REFUGEE CRISIS

LIFESTYLE KING
DARE JENNINGS

HIGH LIFE:
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FROM THE EDITOR

There is nothing in life that gets me feeling as good as a workout at the gym, other than, perhaps doing it consistently. Arnold said it's like coming 24/7, and I don't entirely disagree. Waking up at 5.45am, forcing myself out of bed to work out for an hour is both the most challenging and satisfying thing I do each day.

Strictly speaking, you should always eat your greens. But you should also smoke them, according to these Californian marijuana dispensaries giving a whole other meaning to our *Highlife* section. Don't feel like smoking? No worries. These greens will leave you feeling just as relaxed – we're talking about the most relaxing round of 18 you've ever played on the world's most luxurious golf courses.

Looking to trim up and show off that six-pack you've kept hidden beneath a layer of fat? Good for you. We've got just the fix. Flick to *Style* for gym advice on how to get fit fast and shed those stubborn bits of fat.

Don't feel like sweating it out? No problem. They say laughter is the best medicine, so we caught up with filmmaker, actor and comedian Seth Rogen to discuss his new movie *Disaster Artist*.

We also sat down with Dare Jennings, the founder of two iconic Aussie lifestyle brands, Mambo and Deus Ex Machina. He's elusive and a little grumpy, but his creative approach to business has left an unforgettable mark on the Australian cultural landscape.

As usual, we've got heaps more. Flick to*The Report* and take a ringside seat as Ian Neubauer and the chairman of the Australia First Party go head-to-head on the subject of offshore detention for asylum seekers, while *The Feature* will have you chasing dragons as we take a look at government complicity in the global drug trade.

We know it's all about the articles, but as usual we have a healthy dose of gorgeous babes for you to look at as well.

Enjoy.

NATHAN HARMOND
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FRUIT TINGLE

PENTHOUSE

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ALEX & CO. LAUNCH PARTY

This month we attended the opening of the new mega venue, ALEX&Co., to celebrate the launch of the new retail space beneath Meriton Altitude towers. The evening began with some delicious cocktails, followed by more cocktails and a number of dishes made from Australian produce. Given the delicious food platters, we really didn't want to leave. ALEX&Co. will open for breakfast, lunch and dinner with the restaurant and cocktail bar opening until late.

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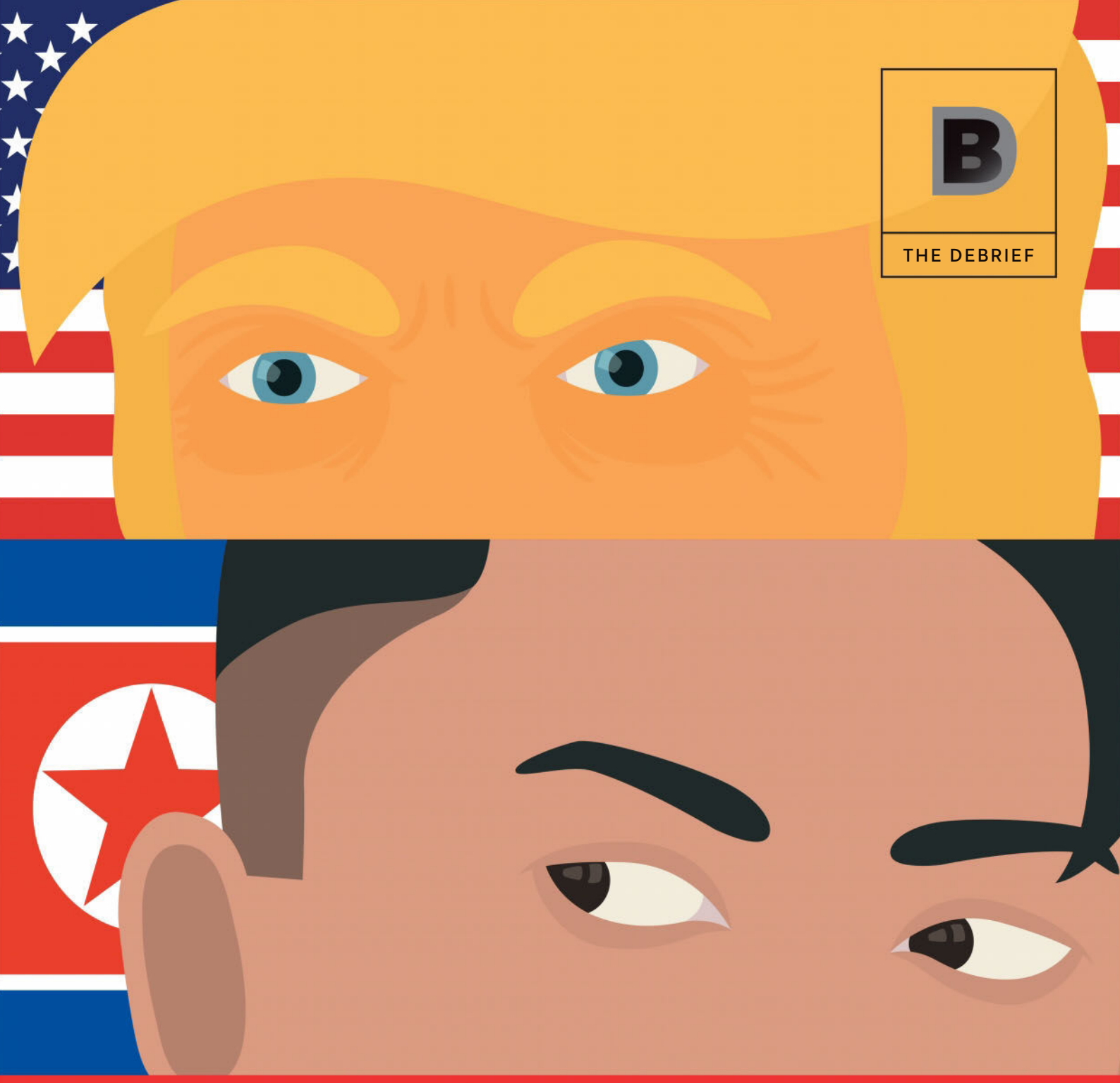


FIRE AND FURY

THE WORLD IS AT THE WHIM OF TWO NARCISSISTIC LEADERS, BUT IS AUSTRALIA IN THE FIRING LINE?

TAKE 'SHROOMS, TALK TO GOD

DEPENDING on who you talk to, 'eating mushrooms' has two entirely different meanings. There's the delicious types – Swiss brown or shiitake – that are found on pizzas and in risottos, things of that nature. Then there's the other type: 'magic' mushrooms, the ones that hopeful dreadlocked kids have foraged since the '60s in search of mystical, mind-opening experiences. Counterculture leaders like Terence McKenna, who believed that mankind's intellectual evolution was spurred on by the consumption of psychedelic mushrooms (it's true – look up the 'stoned ape theory'), have maintained that 'shrooms aren't just another way to get off your face but are, in fact, tools for expanding one's horizons and getting in touch with the spiritual side of life. Sound like bullshit? Well buddy, think again.

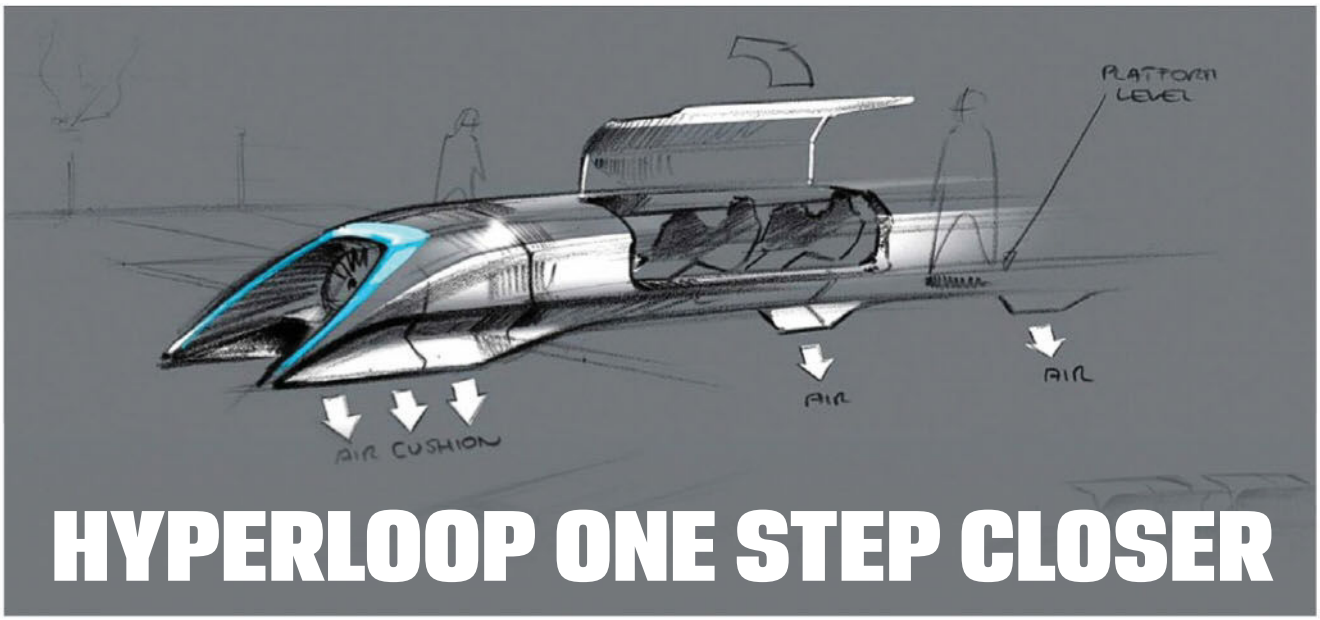
Turns out the hippies may have been onto something all along, at least according to an ongoing study out of Johns Hopkins University in Maryland that's examining the effects of psilocybin on religious leaders from various faiths.

Included in the test are a rabbi, a priest, a Zen Buddhist monk and all the makings of a bad joke – but the researchers assured *The Guardian* that this study is anything but. "With psilocybin these profound mystical experiences are quite common. It seemed like a no-brainer that they might be of interest, if not valuable, to clergy," says Dr William Richards, a psychologist from Johns Hopkins involved in the study.

According to *The Guardian*, the sessions are taking place in a regular apartment living room – although, for a more authentic experience, we hope the organisers chuck up a few Hendrix posters and recruit a poncho-wearing dude named Storm to get the spiritual leaders into the groove. At this stage, we do know there will be a 'guide' present and, instead of putting on Jefferson Airplane and Jim Morrison, the organisers will play religious music to help the clergymen on their cosmic journey.

While there's a lot of support for the experiment, some (kill-joys) doubt the validity of the test. Ben Sessa, a clinical psychiatrist at Imperial College London, reckons the media should report on more 'rigorous' science. "Are you going to focus on the tie-dye and the dreads … or are you going to look at the cutting-edge neuroscience here?" he asked. We can answer that question for you right now, Ben, but you will be bitterly disappointed by the response.

PHOTO: ANDREI VERNER



HYPERLOOP ONE STEP CLOSER

IMAGINE stepping into a pneumatic tube, and zipping from one side of the country to the other in about 60 minutes – a trip that previously took half a day. The future of city-to-city transportation is now being tested for the first time, with Hyperloop One announcing in May that it successfully tested a full hyperloop.

Engineers managed to fire a magnetically levitating test sled through a near-vacuum, reaching 112km/h in just over five seconds. Soon the test sled will be replaced with a pod that people can sit in as they zip around the country. What's more, they'll be travelling at speeds of up to 1,000km/h.

"This is integrating all of the pieces," says Josh Giegel, Hyperloop One's engineering chief. "It's the first phase of a test program that will get us to a production unit."

The pods, made of aluminium and carbon fibre, are 8.5 metres long and resemble a bus that will one day be propelled through enormous vacuum tube networks, with close to zero air resistance. It would mean a journey from Washington DC to New York city centres would take just 50 minutes door to door, as opposed to half a day in a car.

The Hyperloop is another of Elon Musk's ideas, but one he decided he didn't have time to work on himself. Instead, groups around the world are racing to make his concept a reality. The test in the Nevada desert marks a major milestone in the next generation of transportation, potentially edging Hyperloop One ahead in the race to deliver this high-speed tubular transportation system.

PHOTO: TESLA MOTORS, PHOTO: GAMESPRESS

XBOX GAMER LOSES TOP SCORE DUE TO MARRIAGE

SOME hunt animals in forests and desert plains. Some hunt a different kind of game, in concrete jungles, where the nature reserves are bars filled with well-dressed men and women. Others still hunt Xbox achievements to boost their Gamerscore. Yeah, that last one is probably not as well known, but for serious gamers like Ray 'Stallion83' Cox, it's a serious pursuit involving countless hours of dedication along with a lifetime supply of Cheetos and Mountain Dew. For Cox, the effort's paid off: he's been at the top of the Xbox Gamerscore table (an international ranking among Xbox users) for 11 years. Until now.

The 'Stallion' has been tamed, it seems. He was finally dethroned by his closest rival, 'Smrnov', after he took time out of button-mashing to get hitched, according to reports from *TrueAchievements*.

Both gamers have scores above 1.5M, with Cox falling behind by about 20,000 points during his getaway with the new wife. Cox's score is already on the rise, but he has his work cut out for him if he wants to take back the top spot.

Surprisingly, Cox is completely unphased by losing his 11-year streak – we're assuming it wasn't the only long-running streak broken that weekend. In fact, he released a short video of Chris Farley, ripping his shirt off, licking his lips seductively, while sitting on a bed (we watched it so you don't have to). The caption on the video reads: "I've been too busy having all the sex." Sounds like he finally found something better than video games. Good for him.

GOLDEN SHOWER ENDS IN TEARS

MY mother always told me never to run with scissors, go to bed with wet hair, or let a chlamydia-infected stripper urinate on my face, and for good reason. One man's golden shower has ended in horrifying fashion after he went through with that last one.

The best man, partying with his mates on a bucks' night in Phuket, Thailand, copped an unexpected golden shower from the stripper (she'd been looking for a loo all night) – but things quickly turned sour when he started showing symptoms of a chlamydia infection.

"We were playing a bunch of games with the girls when one of them instructed me to lay down on the floor," he told reporters. "The next thing I know she was standing over me and she let rip and gave me a goldie. She pissed all over my face and in my eyes."

We're not sure if the golden shower is a common bucks' party showstopper, or if old mate got particularly unlucky, but either way it's probably a safe bet to wear goggles if you plan on getting pissed on you know, just in case.

"It caught me by complete surprise. I washed my face, but by the next day my eyes were all red and were extremely painful. The boys took me straight to a local hospital," he said.

"The bacteria that induce blindness are transmitted along with chlamydia," explains Dr Andrew J. Baxton at Bendigo Hospital.

"Put simply, trachoma is a bacterial eye infection, not unlike the common 'pink-eye' or conjunctivitis. Repeated reinfection, combined with the body's immune reaction, often has devastating consequences; eventually leading to scarring that causes the eyelid to turn inwards causing blindness."

I guess you could say he had a keen eye for her? Or maybe he just flew home on the red-eye.

MAN FINED FOR BRINGING FRIDGE ON TRAIN

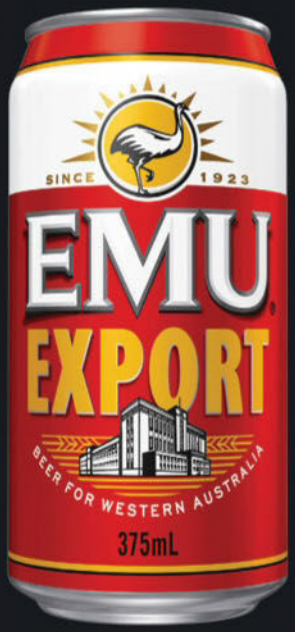
A QUEENSLAND man has been fined nearly $200 for carrying a fridge on a commuter train. Honestly, the fine is a bit harsh. If anything, we think the legend should've won an award for the effort.

The man was caught on camera wheeling the fridge, using a dolly, over a rail pass to an elevator at a Brisbane station. He then rolled the fridge onto a platform and then, after a few attempts, managed to fit it onto a waiting train.

But moments later he can be seen backing out of the train, a security guard in tow, who then issued the man a $192 fine for bringing an oversized item onto the train. Unfortunately for him, he hadn't purchased a ticket and received another fine for fare evasion – double whammy, and the poor bloke was just trying to relocate his beer fridge!

"I hope he decided to book a removalist as we would encourage people to do; or call up one of his mates with a ute," Queensland Rail spokeswoman Justine Scarff told the Australian Broadcasting Corporation. "We obviously need to be mindful of other people travelling; trains are for people, they aren't for fridges and couches unfortunately," Scarff said.

PHOTO: GANSOVSKY VLADISLAV



PACKING THE ESSENTIALS

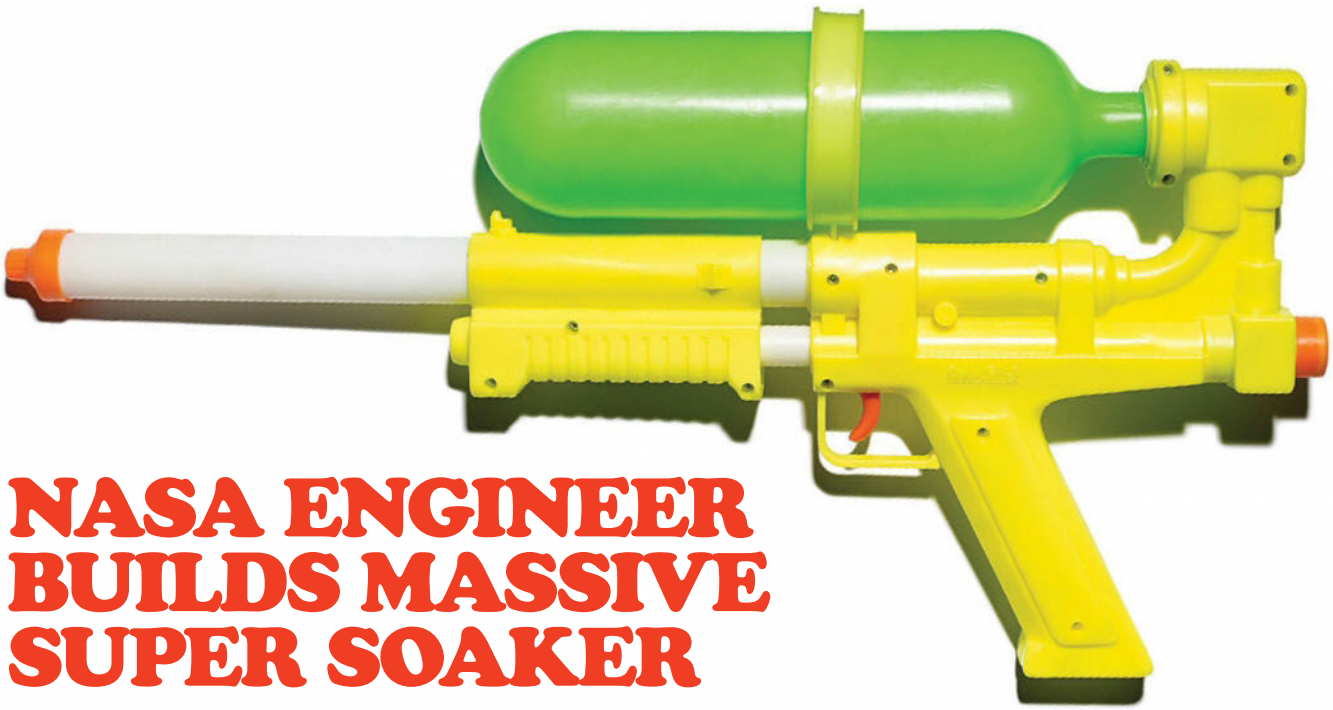
AN Australian man flying out of Melbourne Airport on a flight to Perth has taken the 'travel light' mantra to a whole new level, checking a single tinny of beer as his only piece of luggage.

The beer was an Emu Export Lager, and clearly the young bloke who hatched this genius plan couldn't bear to part with his lone tinny. The baggage handlers obviously appreciated his efforts as they carefully tagged and placed it ahead of the rest of the other passengers' luggage.

Dean, the passenger in question, told *Unilad* he wasn't sure the can would make it through the flight unscathed and was apparently fully prepared to file a lost baggage report with the airline if the beer 'mysteriously' went missing along the way. But due diligence was taken with the VIP cargo load, and the young man known only as 'Dean' was stoked to see that his precious tinny had made it through without suffering any damage.

"Sure enough there she was, alone on the carousel proudly making her way around. And there I was in my flanno and RMs to greet her. It was perfection," he says fondly.

Bystanders stood back and filmed the lone Emu Export Lager in awe as it made its way along the conveyor belt towards its proud owner. A true Aussie hero if ever we've known one. Onya Dean.



NASA ENGINEER BUILDS MASSIVE SUPER SOAKER

IT'S almost Super Soaker season again. You know, those handheld water pistols your bastard little cousin uses to squirt you in the face while you're napping on the couch? Well, next time he tries that shit, it's time to fight back – but this time,we're going in hard.

A former engineer from NASA has invented the ultimate Super Soaker, with enough power behind it to send any four-year-old menace flying through the back fence.

Mark Rober used the same basic principles of the original Super Soaker – pressurised air, pushed into a chamber of water (although he uses compressed nitrogen as opposed to oxygen) and released using a simple trigger mechanism. The end result is a water pistol of such unparalleled force that it's been officially declared the most powerful in the world by the *Guinness Book of World Records.*

What kind of force are we talking here? Water flies out of this beast at roughly 473km/h. In a video made by Rober, he can be seen slicing watermelons in two and effortlessly annihilating window panes. Just imagine what it could do to that cousin of yours.

You're probably thinking: "that's all well and good for Rober – he's a NASA engineer. I'm just some lowly schmuck." But Rober has you covered. He's provided the CAD files and a list of parts so you can replicate the seven-foot (210cm+) water pistol in all its cousin-crushing glory.

Just make sure that little brat doesn't get his hands on it before you do.

PHOTO: LIONCO PHOTO: HASBRO, INC.

HOLY ORGY

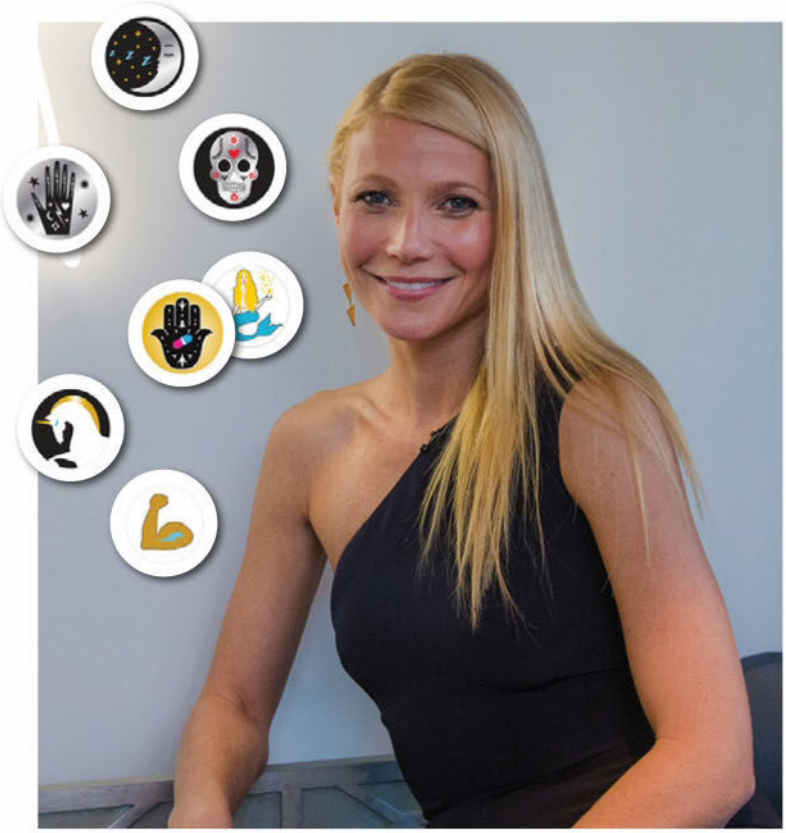
THE Catholic church has been taking a massive beating lately. A few issues back we wrote about a randy Italian priest who kept a harem of mistresses, some of whom he regularly pimped out to other men (if you recall he used to carry around a suitcase full of dildos, bondage equipment and porn videos). Then there's our own Cardinal George Pell, the third-highest ranking man in the Church, who's been embroiled in child sex abuse allegations, forcing him to return to Australia and defend himself. And now, just in case the Vatican wasn't already in full-on crisis mode, another cardinal has been implicated in a gay orgy that took place in an apartment just outside the Holy City.

The apartment in question is apparently the residence of a high-ranking priest who serves as a secretary to Cardinal Francesco Coccopalmerio. Some nosy neighbours called the cops after seeing a number of "strange" visitors coming and going from the residence. The police raided the apartment and found drugs along with a group of men going at it in a good ol' fashioned gay orgy. Police arrested the priest and brought him in for questioning.

We're not even surprised and we're pretty sure no one else is either. The public has become so used to hearing sordid tales of priests sexual escapades (disturbingly often involving children) that jokes about men of God and their unsavoury predilections are as commonplace as jokes about blondes and their lack of common sense. "What's the problem with jokes about priests? Priests don't find them funny and nobody else thinks they're jokes."

Pope Francis was unsurprisingly annoyed by the news – well, "infuriated" was the term used by *Il Fatto Quotidiano*, the Italian newspaper that first reported on the priest party.

Have we finally reached the end of the line; will this be the final scandal to rock the Church? Can they finally move forward and do wholesome, churchy things like they're supposed to? We'd say there's a snowflake's chance in hell.



GWYNETH PALTROW WANTS TO SELL YOU MAGIC STICKERS

WHO says magic doesn't exist? Certainly not Gwyneth Paltrow. The actor-cum-inventor has just released a set of magic stickers that promote healing, thanks to magical properties. Yes, stickers – the same thing you use to encourage school children to do their work.

What is it that makes these stickers magic? Well, one would have to presume they're laced with Moon Juice Magic Dust, or some other magical distilling compound that can probably be found in the Harry Potter universe. Alas, the truth is closer to home. According to a report by *Gizmodo*, the stickers are "made with the same conductive carbon material NASA uses to line spacesuits so they can monitor an astronaut's vitals during wear." The stickers supposedly "rebalance the energy frequency in our bodies."

I know bullshit when I hear it – and this is a big, fresh steaming pile of deuce. But perhaps I'm just a cynic. How do I know the stickers, made from NASA spacesuit material, don't contain some sort of healing properties? *Gizmodo* called someone at NASA to do a quick fact check and got a very clear answer. *Gizmodo*'s quote from a former NASA scientist, Mark Shelhamer, sums it up nicely: "Wow," Shelhamer told *Gizmodo*. "What a load of BS this is."

No, the stickers are not made of spacesuit material. (Even if they were, the suits do not contain healing properties anyway.)

Paltrow's website, *Goop.com*, quickly updated its site and removed any references to NASA and spacesuits. However the magical healing properties still stand. If you're still not sold on it, here's what the sticker ad says now, in an article called "Wearable Stickers that Promote Healing (Really!)": "Human bodies operate at an ideal energetic frequency, but everyday stresses and anxiety can throw off our internal balance, depleting our energy reserves and weakening our immune systems. Body Vibes stickers come pre-programmed to an ideal frequency, allowing them to target imbalances."

RYAN GOSLING
BLADE RUNNER 2049
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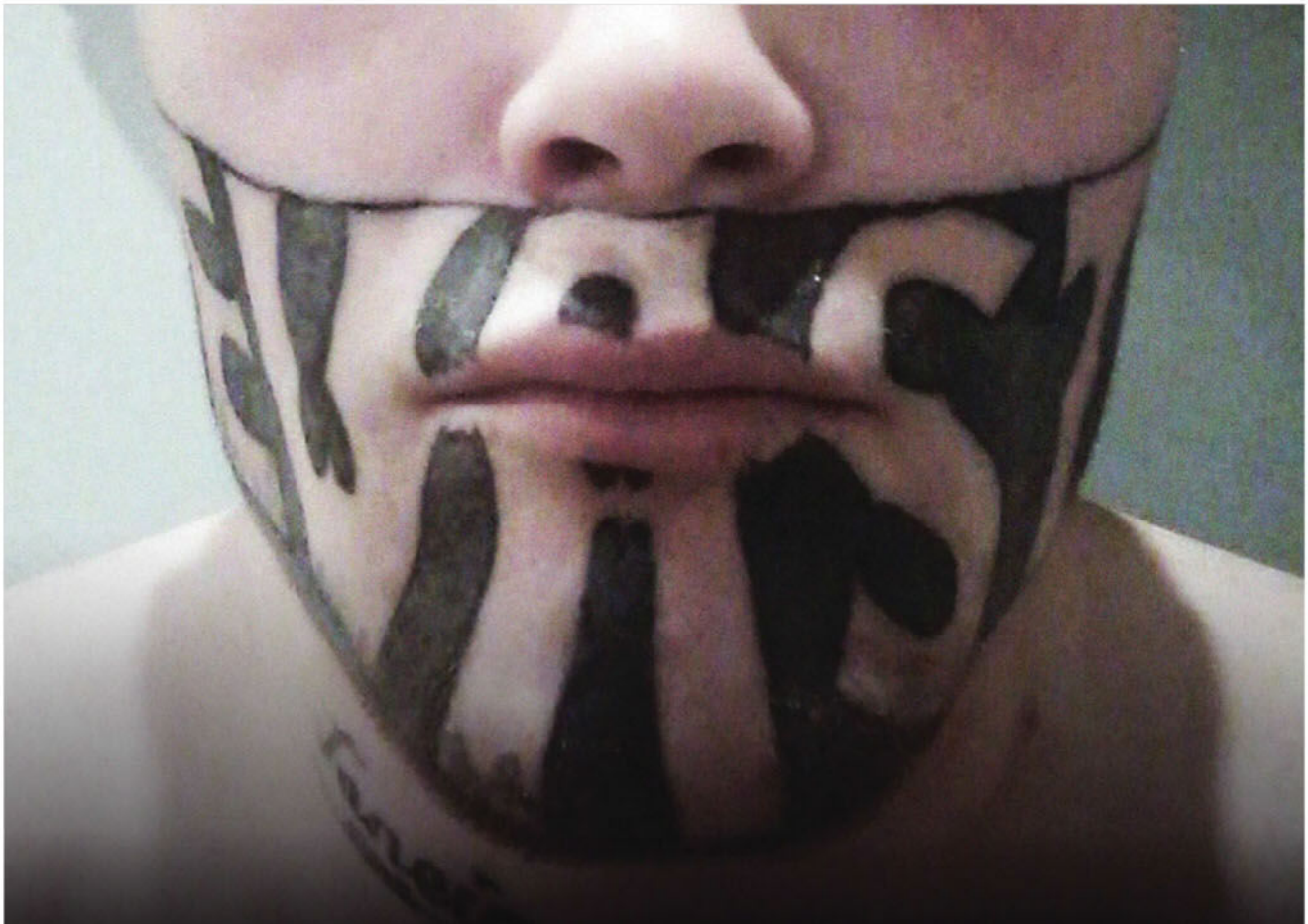

MAN WITH LARGE FACIAL TATTOO CONFUSED AS TO WHY HE CAN'T FIND WORK

IT'S a known fact that facial tattoos are the fastest way to the front of the dole queue. Unless you're a tattoo artist or a gang member they're not a great idea if you ever plan on finding yourself gainfully employed.

A 19-year-old Kiwi lad is finding out the hard way why face and hand tattoos are comically referred to as 'everlasting jobstoppers'.

After he and his brother were sent to jail for aggravated assault, the pair thought it would be a good idea to get some tough-looking tattoos to scare off any potential trouble that might arise. Under the influence of jailhouse moonshine made from apples, sugar and bread, what started as a 'small' jawline tat eventually progressed into a full-blown catastrophe that covers the whole bottom half of the young man's face. At least it didn't say anything stupid, you know, like 'DEVEST8'.

Except that's exactly what it said. Crikey.

We were all young and dumb at some point in our lives. Most of us make terrible mistakes and then we grow up… and make slightly less terrible mistakes. Thankfully they aren't written on our face for everyone to see, or most of the *Penthouse* office staff would've run out of facial real estate a long time ago.

The guy in question tried applying for jobs to support his girlfriend and young daughter, but was literally laughed at by a potential employer and flat-out rejected by all the others. Getting desperate, he posted to an Auckland Jobs Facebook page with a shot of his mug along with his story. He was subjected to a fair bit of ridicule, as is to be expected on the internet, but he also received some encouraging messages.

A tattoo removal company offered to remove the ink and pay for his transport to and from the clinic. Another user even offered him a job at a scaffolding company with a starting pay of $22 an hour.

The jobseeker is currently living in emergency accommodation in a caravan park with his daughter and partner. Hopefully, with the offers made to him so far, he can get his life back on track. If not, maybe he can market that jail moonshine he and his brother made – it clearly has a kick to it.

DOCTORS WARN AGAINST NEW TREND OF WOMEN PUTTING GLITTER IN THEIR VAGINA

PUTTING things in your vagina is fine, particularly if you're Martha Stewart and you're queef decorating (thank you, *South Park*) – just don't make a habit of inserting glitter-filled capsules into it, ladies.

Gynaecologists are warning against a strange new trend which sees women inserting glitter bombs into their lady bits, warning it could have potentially dangerous side effects.

The online retailer, which we will not name (don't go getting any birthday present ideas for your girlfriends, fellas), says the salami sparklers are "just enough to make your lover feel that your Yara (water-lady or little butterfly) is what all vaginas are supposed to look, feel and taste like; soft, sweet and magical!" Yeah, ok.

To be fair, we like vaginas – a lot – and they're already sparkly, so the addition of some foreign, plastic material that is potentially sharp doesn't bode well. People that know the vagina, albeit much more intimately than us are also warning against the trend.

"The vagina contains a delicate balance of good bacteria, which are there to protect it," Dr Vanessa Mackay, spokesperson for the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists (RCOG) told *The Independent.*

PORN ID CHECKS SET TO START IN APRIL 2018

THE UK has begun a nine-month countdown to introduce compulsory age checks for anyone viewing porn within the UK.

The requirement is part of the Digital Economy Act and aims to protect under-18s from viewing pornographic material on the internet. However, details of how the scheme will work are yet to be finalised.

"We are already working closely with DCMS [Department for Digital, Culture, Media & Sport] to ensure the effective implementation of the Act," a spokeswoman told the *BBC*.

The age-check requirement applies to any website or platform that provides pornography on a "commercial basis" to people in the UK. Any business that does not comply will be fined and blocked from using third-party payment services.

"Protecting children from exposure, including accidental exposure, to adult content is incredibly important, given the effect it can have on young people," said Will Gardner, chief executive of Childnet International.

However not everyone thinks that the April 2018 date is achievable.

"It seems to me to be a very premature date," commented Dr Victoria Nash, lead author of a report commissioned in the run-up to the law being drafted. "The idea you can get a regulatory body up and running in that timeframe seems extraordinary to me."

"And while I don't have a problem with asking these companies to act responsibly, I don't see it as a solution to stopping minors seeing pornography," continued Dr Nash, who then explained that the act does not address services like Twitter and Tumblr which contain hardcore pornography en masse. "There are many other platforms that provide pornographic material, but not on a commercial basis. In fact, one of the most popular platforms for under-18s is Tumblr, which has a massive porn culture, but isn't classified as 'commercial'."

80
Nathan's

GET THE PICTURE

"FOOD-FIGHTERS," as the competitors in Nathan's famous annual hot dog eating contest are called, tackle plates of hot dogs while umpires look on. Coney Island, New York.
Credit: Susana Raab/INSTITUTE

CRUSH

LULU REYNOLDS

LULU is always a favourite of ours at *Penthouse*. She's young, friendly, oh-so-sexy, and always down for a fun time. While she certainly has that wild-at-heart thing going for her, Lulu tells us that she prefers a juice to a cocktail and a gym session rather than a nightclub dance floor.

Photographer: Hellomiss.com.au

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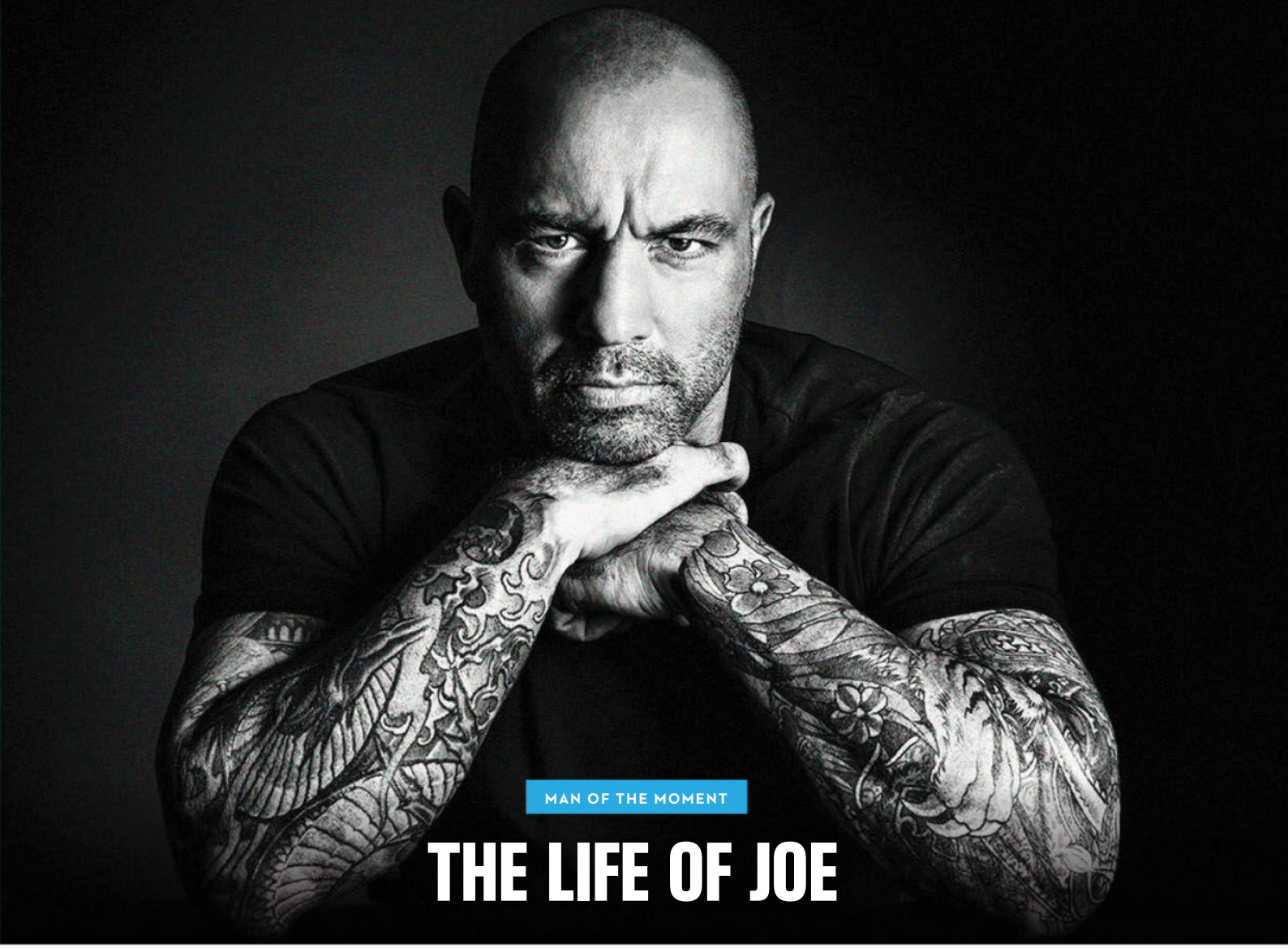

MAN OF THE MOMENT

THE LIFE OF JOE

RECALL for a moment the TV series *Fear Factor* – the show in which dumb, twangy-accented Americans did ridiculous things for moderate amounts of cash.

In one infamous episode, the contestants were challenged to drink donkey semen – a big jug of it. It was coined the 'Donkey Juice' challenge, and it was the reason the show got cancelled – which is unfortunate, because it sure was fun watching idiots do stupid shit for money.

In a great stand-up bit, Joe Rogan, the smiling, screaming host of the show, spoke about the absurdity of his job: "I can't even believe it's a real show… four years later I'm standing next to a girl with a mouth full of animal dicks yelling, *you can do it*, you hang in there, relax, *breathe*, concentrate… and she's taking my advice!"

Now Rogan sits atop the American podcast world. The transition from a reality TV show host dabbling in donkey dicks and jugs of semen to one of America's most popular podcasters, and easily the most well-known Ultimate Fighting Championship commentator ever, was fuelled by a fear of sucking.

"I was terrified of being a loser," he told *Rolling Stone* in a 2015 interview. "Super-terrified of being someone who people just go, 'Oh, look at that fucking loser.' You know?"

After a bullying incident in school that ended with Rogan in a headlock, he vowed to never let someone physically get the better of him again and took up martial arts – karate, taekwondo, kick boxing and eventually Brazilian Jiu Jitsu, in which he holds a black belt.

In 2002 Rogan became a colour commentator for the UFC. "He's educated more people in mixed martial arts than anybody ever," says UFC president Dana White. "He's the best fight announcer who has ever called a fight in the history of fighting."

Two years later, he launched *The Joe Rogan Experience*. Within nine months it had made its way onto the iTunes Top 100 podcasts list and was voted Best Comedy Podcast by iTunes users in 2012. His unique blend of stoner philosophy, fondness for marijuana and a strict, no-bullshit attitude has earned him a special place on the internet and in people's hearts.

And it's still working. *The Joe Rogan Experience* has achieved more than 313 million lifetime views and has attracted more than 1.3 million subscribers. According to *Socialblade.com*, a YouTube statistic tracker, Rogan currently nets up to US$114,500 per month and up to US$1.4 million a year from his podcasts alone.

Guests include conspiracy theorists such as Alex Jones, stargazer Neil deGrasse Tyson, former CIA operatives, Tommy Chong, former porn stars, MMA personalities, comics, actors, influencers, army vets and all-round inspiring people, making it one of the most diverse podcasts out there. If there were an agenda, it would be to inspire you to get off your arse, hit the gym, open your mind, get outside of your comfort zone and not be a loser.

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MUSIC

THE RETURN OF SYNTHWAVE

SYNTHWAVE has made a comeback in recent years, thanks to a slew of nostalgic producers and film directors looking to bring back the retro sounds of the '80s. If you're a fan of TV drama *Stranger Things*, then you're familiar with synthwave. That gloomy, rolling synth-heavy electronic intro music was produced by Austin-based synth-pop band S U R V I V E. In a recent interview with *The Vinyl Factory*, the band confirmed "things are going to be a bit darker and weirder" as the characters "are going to spend a little more time in the Upside Down this season." You can read the full interview at *The Vinyl Factory* website, but for now, get yourself familiar with synthwave.

So what is synthwave?

You can think of it as music from the '80s that didn't actually exist back then. The origins of synthwave can be traced back to French electro house scene in the mid-2000s. It's influenced by 1980s film soundtracks, video game music and pop culture. Films like *Blade Runner*, *The Running Man* and *RoboCop* as well as games like *F-Zero*, *Street Fighter* and *Out Run* are often cited as influences of current synthwave artists.

RECORD LABELS

Many record labels are dedicated to the sound of synthwave, the most important being the French label Valerie, American label Italians Do It Better and Canadian label Rosso Corsa Records.

ARTISTS

POWER GLOVE

Most notable for making the soundtrack for the videogame *Far Cry 3: Blood Dragon*, the Melbourne-based duo named themselves after the Nintendo Power Glove. They sound like an '80s retro gym class; think coloured tights and leg warmers.

COM TRUISE

Com Truise, aka Seth Haley, is in a league of his own. Hailing from New York, Truise's synth-heavy tunes are arguably the closest you can come to a total *Tron*-like experience – and who doesn't want that?

MITCH MURDER

He's been touted as the king of the '80s revival and described as "an overworked Wall Street IT guy from the '80s who dreams at night of other realities for himself. His music is the soundtrack to those dreams." Expect clever chord progressions.

SURVIVE

S U R V I V E has adopted a purist approach to synthwave. According to *The Vinyl Factory*, they're "a heavily textured block of sound that at times recalls Tangerine Dream at their most cinematic, Brian Eno at his most layered, and Giorgio Moroder at his least disco."

FILM

SUPERHERO MOVIES: THE NEW WESTERNS

YOU would have to be blinder than Daredevil to have not noticed the dominance of superhero movies in cinemas these days. While some critics have bashed the major production studios for their sausage factory approach to filmmaking, the numbers don't lie. These movies are getting arses in seats the world over, commanding an impressive market share and grossing outrageous sums of money for both Marvel and DC (owned by Disney and Warner Bros, respectively).

Only 10 years ago, superhero movies grossed about US$584 million for the major studios, making up about 6 per cent of the total market share in 2007. But compare those numbers to this year's (and remember, we're only just over halfway through, with plenty more major comic book movie drawcards still to come) and superhero movies have already grossed well over a billion dollars, soaking up almost 19 per cent of the total market share.

So what's going on? Why is the global movie-going population so keen to see a nonstop stream of spandex on the big screen? Apparently, superhero movies are the new westerns. Stephen McFeely, one of the screenwriters behind *Captain America: The Winter Soldier* and *Captain America: Civil War* (both of which were well-received by fans and critics and netted about US$700 million for Marvel) put it this way:

MOVIE-GOERS WANT THEIR WESTERNS – BUT THIS TIME THE GOOD GUYS ARE WEARING CAPES INSTEAD OF PONCHOS.

"[When] you went to the movies in the '50s and '60s you went to a western. So at this point you're going to a superhero movie. It's taking over that same black hat, white hat myth-making surface. I don't have a much smarter answer than that."

But that answer is actually kind of smart. There are more than a few parallels between the popularity of westerns back in the '50s and the rise of superhero movies over the past decade or so.

After America dominated World War II and entered into a protracted nuclear standoff with Russia, filmmakers made westerns to help people escape from the complex political dramas of modern life. Why deal with the impending nuclear apocalypse when you could go back to a nostalgic era of goodies and baddies? Into a fantasy land where evil-doers end up buried six feet deep and the Clint Eastwoods of the world ride off into the sunset after winning their lady's heart.

Similarly, after the global financial crisis rocked the world in 2008, the superhero genre came into its own. That year the market share of superhero movies jumped from about 6 per cent to almost 14 per cent. There was a small lull after that but over recent years an increase in terrorist attacks, the threat of war with China or North Korea and an increasingly unstable United States has meant our yearning for escapism is back on the rise. It's the Cold War 2.0 and movie-goers want their westerns – but this time the good guys are wearing capes instead of ponchos.

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GAMING

PEOPLE POWER

LAST month *Grand Theft Auto* publisher Take-Two pissed off tens of thousands of fans when it sent a cease and desist letter to Yuriy 'Good-NDS' Krivoruchko, the developer of OpenIV, a popular *Grand Theft Auto* modding tool.

GTA V is one of the most beloved cross-platform games of all time. Since its original release in 1997 on PC and Playstation 1, the online community has built up into one of the largest digital communities in the world. One of the threads holding the community together is the ability to 'mod' *GTA* single player. Modifications are created by fans and are used to alter game content, but are not supported nor endorsed by *GTA*'s creator, Rockstar Games.

Anyone with a computer can modify *GTA*, creating levels, skins, missions and more. Modding offers an entirely new way to play *GTA* once players have completed the original missions, and it has become one of the core offerings for the online community. Basically, everyone who is a fan of *GTA* is a fan of online modding, thus making Take-Two's recent C&D letter a massive "fuck you" to the global *GTA* community.

Take-Two (the American multinational publisher and distributor of *GTA*) alleged that the modding tool OpenIV "allows third parties to defeat security features of its software and modify that software in violation of Take-Two's rights." OpenIV has refuted these claims, claiming the statement "is just wrong and they know it."

Fans of the game soon found out about the C&D letter and took to the *GTA V* Steam page to express their discontent. It came in the form of negative reviews – about 45,000 of them. Quickly the *GTA V* reviews plummeted from 'mostly positive' to 'mostly negative'. The online community had spoken and Rockstar was listening. *GTA*'s overall review rating had hit an all-time low, displaying an angry red.

What happened? The online community mobilised and took to the internet to express their discontent en masse. If this was going to go down, it wasn't going down easily. Fans were willing to put up a fight. The OpenIV Change.org petition passed its first 50,000 signature goal, and was delivered to both Rockstar Games and Take-Two Interactive.

Not much more than a week later, Rockstar reversed the decision (presumably they convinced Take-Two to back off) and issued a statement on their support page to clarify what is and isn't allowed.

"Rockstar Games believes in reasonable fan creativity, and, in particular, wants creators to showcase their passion for our games. After discussions with Take-Two, Take-Two has agreed that it generally will not take legal action against third-party projects involving Rockstar's PC games that are single-player, non-commercial, and respect the intellectual property (IP) rights of third parties."

BEST GTA MODS

VISUALV

Cleans up visuals and tweaks lighting, shadows, weather effects and all time cycles in game. Best mod overall in the scene. It was just updated to have sunny weather look like *Watch Dogs 2*.

WORLD OF VARIETY

Adds random events and more ambient NPCs to add more variety to the main game.

MAP EDITOR

Your wish is your command with this *GTA V* map editor. With the use of a free-roaming cam, you can easily place cars, ramps and even animals throughout Los Santos then hop in and play with your experiments.

MARLOWE VALLEY VINEYARD

This mod turns Marlowe Valley into a luxurious safe house that also happens to have an airport and adjacent runway. With tuning garages and parking spaces to store more than 50 cars, Marlowe Valley becomes a hide-out fit for a high roller.

POLITICS

FIRE AND FURY

AS TWO MADMEN ESCALATE APOCALYPTIC WARNINGS THE MEDIA RAMPS UP GLOBAL FEAR.

BY ELLE HARDY

THE worst kind of leaders, the megalomaniacal ghouls who drag countries into catastrophic wars, have a habit of being frighteningly similar to their adversaries. And so as history rhymes again, and the world finds itself hostage to the whims of two narcissistic, slovenly, destructive, failsons smearing trans fats on their nuclear footballs, we are being told that military conflict between North Korea's Kim Jong-un and America's Donald Trump could see us wiped off the earth.

"It's the scale and the pace of North Korea's testing and the development of its ballistic missile program that makes it a threat not just to South Korea and nations in the region but to the United States and directly to Australia," Foreign Minister Julie Bishop said last month, after North Korea's provocative test that coincided with America's Independence Day.

Yet drums were beating well before July 4. Back in March, *The Australian*'s foreign editor Greg Sheridan reliably thundered, "North Korea – mad, bad, dangerous North Korea – will soon have the power to destroy Australia. This is part of, and symbolises, our seriously deteriorating security circumstances."

Dr Peter Hayes, a professor in security studies and director of the Nautilus Institute, says that at this stage North Korea's "missiles are almost certain to be highly unreliable" and that re-engineering them to lift the weight of a real warhead to create an intercontinental ballistic missile (ICBM) – one that could hit the United States or Australia – "could take them two to 10 years, likely two to three."

Time is a nice friend to have, but is it much good when there are two petulant madmen at the helm? North Korea has long been provocative, relying on responsible foreign powers to de-escalate tensions. Now we have Donald Trump in office, with his long-term obsession with "the norks" only exceeded by his fascination with nukes.

"You want to be unpredictable," he mused on the subject during his primary campaign last year. When pressed in a further interview about taking the nuclear option off the table, he asked, "Then why are we making them?" And at a foreign affairs briefing as the official Republican candidate last August, it is reported that he asked three times about using nuclear weapons, at one point saying, "If we have them, why can't we use them?"

"Trump's style is bizarre, but there are many constraints on what he can do," says Dr Hayes. "Kim's actions have been cautious since he came to power and, most important, he has not detonated a nuclear weapon nor conducted a major overt or covert provocation against South Korea since Trump came to power. He's clearly waiting for the US Administration to make up its mind as to whether it will engage seriously."

Professor B.R. Myers, whose groundbreaking book *The Cleanest Race* details how North Korea's Juche communism is bullshit – that it is in fact a military-first regime based around a xenophobic race theory, fortified with elements of Japanese fascism, animism and even fetishising the leader as a naughty boy (seriously) – proffers a different theory about the current situation.

"The nuclear crisis is not a clash of two leaders, but the end stage of a long-planned North Korean strategy to reunify the peninsula," he says. "North Korea is therefore unique. It keeps vowing to reunify the peninsula, and threatening other states with total destruction, only to be told that it's really just insecure. This is wishful thinking taken to an absurd degree."

For Trump, the embodiment of a different kind of thinking taken to an absurd degree, North Korea is as much a convenient enemy as an existential threat, a sledgehammer with which to bash out a tweet when his senile brain forgets that China is a long-time family business partner. The Kim regime, which lives in perpetual conflict with an impure, abstract outside world, is happy to play along to achieve its own ends.

HE ASKED THREE TIMES ABOUT USING NUCLEAR WEAPONS, AT ONE POINT SAYING, "IF WE HAVE THEM, WHY CAN'T WE USE THEM?"

As too, it seems, is Australia. Perhaps it's that seething need to feel important on the world stage, or a handy distraction in the back pocket of a floundering government, or just a chance to play with the big boys and boost defence spending. (A Liberal Party politician once told me that Australian Labor politicians all want to be prime minister, conservatives all want to be defence minister.) "It is silly, loose talk by people who should know better," Dr Hayes says. "Trump is attempting to use American hegemony as a means of predatory power, that is, to have the US 'paid' for its security services. Apart from technical issues, the North Koreans have far more important and urgent targets in a war than Australia to expend their munitions upon."

What's really going on is that like so many other ghastly leaders before them, Trump and Kim are feasting on each other because they need the *idea* of each other; without an easily identifiable enemy, their power and legitimacy diminishes and their world blows up. If we go down it will be as one, because this grotesque, two-headed creature decides that the best way to look tough is to step away from guarding the gates to hell and press the button at the same time.

PHOTO: SELIVANOFF1986

LAUNCH

10/17

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ONE of the things photographers can get caught up with is the chase of beauty – in whatever form it is – we are looking for it. But we get desensitised to what 'beauty' is. We get hung up on perfection and forget the wider ideals. This project is about stripping back the layers and looking at female beauty in a more natural way. Simple lighting, simple styling and pure, natural beauty. For more on the Towel Project check out: *davekaipiper.com/Towel-Project*

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INTERVIEW

THE DISASTER ARTIST

FUNNY MAN SETH ROGEN IS A MAJOR HOLLYWOOD PLAYER. WE FIND OUT WHY HE WANTED TO RECREATE ONE OF THE WORST FILMS IN HISTORY.

SETH Rogen is the master of comic excess. His deep voice, guttural laugh and energetic self are just as much part of the man himself as his multiple screen incarnations. There are no taboos in his wicked world, which has seen him establish himself as a multi-hyphenate director-writer-actor-producer. The prolific Canadian master of raunchy comedy has a long list of impressive credits including *Da Ali G Show*, *Knocked Up*, *Superbad*, *The Green Hornet* and *Bad Neighbours*. Last year he branched out into animated comedy and scored a huge success with the R-rated *Sausage Party*. Interestingly, although Rogen has established himself as a major player in Hollywood and spent almost half his life living in Los Angeles, he still retains a Canadian sensibility.

"There are a lot of cultural differences that Americans don't necessarily recognise," Rogen says. "I think Canadians are generally regarded as being more polite and self-deprecating than Americans, and that's probably true in a general way. I still see myself as an outsider even though my father is American and I'm married to an American."

Together with his frequent producer partner Evan Goldberg (*This is the End*), Rogen is the creative force behind AMC's *Preacher*, the adventure/fantasy TV series starring Dominic Cooper and real-life love interest Ruth Negga. Season two of the acclaimed series will launch in June.

In addition, Rogen is appearing in *The Disaster Artist*, a serio-comic tale about the making of a widely panned 2003 movie *The Room*. The film stars James Franco as the eccentric and thoroughly incompetent director/star, Tommy Wiseau, while Rogen plays a ribald producer. Rogen previously co-starred with his good friend Franco in *The Interview*, the highly controversial satire about North Korea, although this time around it is Franco rather than Rogen who assumes the directing chores. Premiering to rave reviews last month at the SXSW Festival in Austin, Texas, Rogen hailed his long-time Hollywood buddy's performance.

The 35-year-old Rogen was born and raised in Vancouver, Canada, by his American father and Canadian mother. A gifted writer and stand-up comedian as a teen prodigy, he moved to Los Angeles at age 17 where he gained recognition in Judd Apatow's *Freaks and Geeks* series – which is where he first became friends with Franco who also appeared on the show.

Rogen is married to American actress Lauren Miller, who co-starred with him in *50/50*. Known for taking comedy to absurd lengths, Rogen had often admitted to having had a healthy taste for getting high over the years. On a trip to Amsterdam a decade ago, he and a friend wound up on a train to Paris not knowing how they got there. Recalled Rogen: "We went to the train station while fully tripping on mushrooms and we bought train tickets to Paris, 'cause it was kinda close. We turned up in Paris in the middle of the night, just as we were sobering up, and I thought: 'I did so many drugs, I ended up in another country!'"

Seth, your new film *The Disaster Artist* references *The Room*, a cult 2003 movie which is acknowledged by many as one of the worst films of recent history. How much did you know about it before working on this film?
I've seen it more than I've seen, like, *Network*. And that's what we talked most about while we were putting this movie together: Why do we love *The Room*? What's great about this movie? At the end of the day it was the earnestness of a guy who put himself out there, who made the thing. And made a great thing.

You mean, it was so bad it was good?
Yes! There are lots of of movies you can say are easy to make fun of, but they are not movies you've watched for a decade. What I liked about it the most was the earnestness of a guy (Tommy Wiseau) who put himself out there.

The real Tommy Wiseau was present in the audience for the first public screening of *The Disaster Artist* at SXSW. Did you speak to him about how he felt?
No, but I hope he liked it.

How do you feel about James Franco's performance as Wiseau?
It may be the most James Franco thing James Franco has ever done. He directed the movie in character. There were scenes where [he was] playing Tommy directing a movie as Tommy directing a movie as Tommy. That was when we were like, "This is fucking weird, man."

One of your other projects ongoing these days is your comic book TV series adaptation, *The Preacher*. How did that come about?
Evan [Goldberg, a childhood friend of Rogen's from Vancouver – ED] and I had been talking about making *The Preacher* for ages. I was in high school when Evan gave me the comic book that his brother had been reading. I fell in love with it. It was so funny and perverted and had tons of action. We pitched the concept a couple of times but no one would go for it. But times change and now you're able to be a lot more creative and daring on TV than you ever were before.

Do you think your Canadian sensibility comes out in your comedy?
It might but I don't think about it and it would probably be very hard to see. My comedy really began in high school, where Evan and I wanted to write about our high school experiences because we thought we could do a better job of that, because we were still in high school and living that experience. Usually the movies you see about high school are written by people who are much older and have a very different mentality and perspective than the teenagers they're writing about.

Your parents were very socially conscious and fairly left-wing. What kind of upbringing did you have?
I had a pretty happy home life and I grew up with a sense of compassion and empathy for people. My parents were always very supportive of me and when I started working on a script with Evan they even bought me Final Draft [a screenplay software program] to help us. That was pretty cool.

"WE WENT TO THE TRAIN STATION WHILE FULLY TRIPPING ON MUSHROOMS AND WE BOUGHT TRAIN TICKETS TO PARIS, 'CAUSE IT WAS KINDA CLOSE."

Would you like to work in Canada more often? You did *Take That Waltz* (2011) with Michelle Williams, which your fellow Canadian Sarah Polley directed?
I would do more Canadian films if I would get asked to do them. [Laughs] Some of my Canadian friends bug me about not working in Canada more. But I enjoyed working with Sarah on that and I like going back to Canada whenever I have the chance. I shot *The Interview* with James Franco in Vancouver and I've done the Just for Laughs festival in Montreal.

Does it surprise you that so many comic books have turned out to dominate Hollywood movies these days?
I think comic books appeal to the imagination and the fantasy side of people. I read a ton of comic books as a teenager and I loved the more subversive ones as well. We're lucky that so many Hollywood studios have turned so many comic books into massive billion-dollar successes that it probably paved the way for us to finally get *The Preacher* made.

How would you define your brand of humour?
I couldn't define it for you. I always enjoy trying to break down barriers and try something new. The humour in *Bad Neighbours*, for example, is different from what you find in *This is the End*.

"WATCHING A FILM LIKE THAT, AND SEEING AN ACTOR LIKE ME PLAYING THAT PART, I WOULD HAVE BEEN READY TO MAKE FUN OF ME"

And *Sausage Party* has its own unique style – although I think that jokes about genitals are not that original! [Laughs]

Your acting career has seen you play many different types of characters. But I think you might have surprised a lot of people including your fans with your very serious role as Steve Wozniak in *Steve Jobs*?
I knew there was an inherent risk in being in a serious film like that, and being part of a project written by Aaron Sorkin and doing scenes with Michael Fassbender. I wasn't worried about the role itself, though. I was worried about what the perception might be and how a lot of people would love the chance to tear me apart over it if it didn't come off well. I know that if I was watching a film like that, and seeing an actor like me playing that part, I would have been ready to make fun of me.

Would you like to do more serious roles in the future?
Sure, if directors want to hire me! Personally, I really don't see any big difference between serious and comic roles. One might think that being comical is simple, but ultimately it's a performance. It's damn difficult to make a good comedy. Not only do you need all the elements that you need for a drama, you also have make the story funny. You're making a promise to the audience that they're going to laugh, and if that doesn't happen then your whole film is dead.

You've helped define a new brand of comedy over the course of your career. Is there any pressure in trying to live up to audiences' expectations?
I try very hard never to think about that. I'm very honoured that I've been able to keep making these kinds of movies and do a lot of wild and despicable things. Every new project is a challenge, and you just hope you don't bore anyone or repeat yourself. I suppose there's some pressure in that, but you always want to make a film that doesn't suck and that people are going to enjoy. That's never going to change.

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THE REPORT

RIGHT AND WRONG: MANDATORY OFFSHORE DETENTION

JOURNALIST IAN NEUBAUER AND AUSTRALIA FIRST CHAIRMAN JAMES SALEAM THROW THEIR HATS IN THE RING ON THE SUBJECT OF OFFSHORE DETENTION OF 'BOAT PEOPLE'.

BY IAN NEUBAUER

AUSTRALIA'S policy of mandatory detention for refugees who arrive by boat has emerged as the country's most hotly debated issue, with proponents on either side accusing the other of legal impropriety and twisted self-righteousness. To get a better picture of what's at stake, we asked two leading figures to give us their take on events. In one corner is Ian Lloyd Neubauer, an Australian journalist whose opinion pieces railing against mandatory detention have appeared in international publications such as *The Guardian* and *TIME* magazine. In the other corner is James Saleam, right-wing activist and the chairman of the Australia First Party.

ILLUSTRATIONS: ELSA MCGRATH

IAN LLOYD NEUBAUER: PLACING PEOPLE IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS IS WRONG – PERIOD.

For the past four years, I have protested about Australia's final solution for the problem of boat people: mandatory, indefinite detention in open-air prison camps on Papua New Guinea's Manus Island and the tiny Pacific Island nation of Nauru.

Originally dubbed the Pacific Solution, mandatory offshore detention was introduced by former prime minister John Howard in 2001 as a response to the Tampa Affair, when 433 Afghan boat people who entered Australian waters aboard Norwegian freighter *MV Tampa* were taken to Nauru.

The policy was reintroduced in 2013 to stem a wave of 50,000 asylum-seekers who had sailed into Australian waters on overcrowded, leaky boats from Indonesia within the space of six years. It has received widespread public support. "As of today, asylum seekers who come here by boat without a visa will never be settled in Australia," boasted then-prime minister Kevin Rudd. Their only other option, Rudd indicated, was for them to go back to the war-torn countries they'd risked their lives and blown their life savings escaping.

But the policy has come at a terrible price. In addition to the annual billion-dollar bill Australian taxpayers are slugged with is the slow and deliberate destruction of the physical and mental wellbeing of thousands of men, women and children who are now imprisoned in violent, mismanaged, flyblown, disease-ridden prisons.

However, the announcement in June of a landmark $70 million settlement over a class-action lawsuit initiated by law firm Slater and Gordon on behalf of 1,905 past and present detainees at Manus Island – and more recent news that the detention centre on Manus Island is about to close – has given Amir, his fellow detainees and 'bleeding-heart' Australians like myself, who want all boat people to be transferred to the mainland for processing, a glimmer of hope.

It is the largest settlement ever reached for a human rights case in Australia, and blows out of the water the preposterous legal argument that this country does not owe a duty of care to human beings whose only mistake was to assume we would abide by our obligations as signatories to the UN Refugee Convention.

Minister for Immigration and Border Protection Peter Dutton barely blinked when grilled by journalists after news of the settlement got out. He described it as a "prudent outcome" for taxpayers who would have potentially paid more after a lengthy trial. "The Commonwealth strongly refutes and denies the claims made in these proceedings," Dutton said. "Settlement is not an admission of liability in any regard."

Prominent human rights lawyer George Newhouse of the National Justice Project in Sydney says that by paying "hush money" and side-stepped a protracted court battle, the government has adroitly avoided a roasting in the court of public opinion. "In a world of fake news, court findings have powerful meaning. By avoiding a ruling the government can play on the confusion and avoid exposing the cruel reality of offshore detention camps."

THEIR ONLY OTHER OPTION, RUDD INDICATED, WAS FOR THEM TO GO BACK TO THE WAR-TORN COUNTRIES THEY'D RISKED THEIR LIVES AND BLOWN THEIR LIFE SAVINGS ESCAPING

A report released by the United Nations' refugee agency, the UNHCR, found 88 per cent of detainees held on Nauru and Manus Island suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder – "among the highest recorded of any population in the world" – while Amnesty International has described the camps as instruments of torture. "I have no hope," Amir, a detainee who cannot be named for legal reasons, told Amnesty's investigators. "It's the end of time here."

WORLD'S LARGEST REFUGEE CRISIS

The number of Syrian refugees in neighbouring countries in the Middle East reached

4.7 million

in January 2016. As of 16 February 2016, **2,620,553** Syrian refugees were registered in Turkey; **1,069,111** in Lebanon; **635,324** in Jordan; **245,022** in Iraq and **117,658** in Egypt. Australia has committed to taking **12,000** refugees, half of whom will be resettled in Western Sydney.

Source: refugeecouncil.org.au

Refugee advocates such as Newhouse have found an unlikely ally in their quest to embarrass the government over the settlement: Senator Pauline Hanson of the One Nation Party.

Interviewed on Sydney talkback radio station 2GB, Hanson said she was "shocked, furious, disgusted and angry" over the payout. She then reverted to her trademark scapegoating, placing the blame on the detainees themselves in a bare-knuckle version of the populist agenda used to dehumanise boat people in the eyes of the Australian public when mandatory offshore detention was introduced.

"Every detainee in that centre has cost us approximately $572,000 [the correct figure is $400,000] and they have been supplied with cigarettes and phones and education and all the amenities. They have been far better looked after than the homeless here in Australia." Hanson went on to describe detainees on Manus Island as rapists and paedophiles who take the Australian public as "fools" and "mugs".

Radio host Ben Fordham concurred, claiming he'd seen photos of asylum seekers who looked like "bodybuilders" wearing "designer gear", adding that they had paid thousands of dollars to people smugglers while legitimate refugees missed out.

The argument that detainees on Nauru and Manus Island are economic refugees because at one stage they had a few

thousand dollars more than the average penniless refugee is not without merit. Hailing predominantly from the Middle East, they bypassed a number of relatively safe, albeit poor, countries en route to Australia. It must also be noted that last year Australia boosted its annual refugee intake to almost 19,000, up from 13,750 the previous year.

But when measured against global figures, Australia – the world's 18th richest country – can be seen as the miser it is, ranking 25th in the total number of refugees it resettles each year and 32nd on a per capita basis. The 50,000 wretched souls who sailed to Australia in the pursuit of refuge are but a drop in the well compared to the 2.9 million refugees hosted by Turkey, 1.1 million hosted by Lebanon and the half a million hosted by Kenya. And while Australia refuses to carry its fair share of the global problem that now numbers 65.6 million displaced persons, it disproportionately contributes to the root cause of the problem – global warming and military misadventure in the Middle East.

Above and beyond the facts and figures, locking up some of the world's most vulnerable people in third-world gulags for the mistake of throwing themselves at our mercy is wrong. We know it's wrong because we could not legally imprison even Australia's most dangerous and unrepentant convicted felons in such deplorable conditions.

We know it's wrong because the government has gone to extraordinary lengths to stop journalists and lawyers from visiting the camps and telling the world of the nightmares hidden within.

HANSON WENT ON TO DESCRIBE DETAINEES AT MANUS ISLAND AS RAPISTS AND PAEDOPHILES WHO TAKE THE AUSTRALIAN PUBLIC AS "FOOLS" AND "MUGS"

And we know it's wrong because these dark and damp hellholes fall within the Oxford Dictionary's definition of concentration camps: "A place in which large numbers of people, especially political prisoners or members of persecuted minorities, are deliberately imprisoned in a relatively small area with inadequate facilities, sometimes to provide forced labour or to await mass execution."

Australia may not be forcing detainees at Manus Island or Nauru to break rocks under the hot tropical sun. And only one detainee was ever killed: Reza Barati, a 23-year-old Iranian man who was repeatedly beaten in the head with a piece of wood with a nail in the end of it before a large rock was dropped on his head by a security guard and a Salvation Army worker. Yet by locking them up indefinitely and taking away their hope, we've done the next worst thing. And all the hush money in the world won't be enough to spin our actions in a≈positive light in the eyes of future generations.

"I believe there will be apologies and reparations made in the future similar to those that have been made of Australia's historical issues in the past as political attitudes change," says Senator Nick McKim, immigration spokesman for the Australian Greens, the only major political party in the country that has unequivocally stood against the camps since day one. "There must be a Royal Commission to make sure this never happens again."

JAMES SALEAM: WE SHOULD HAVE SENT THEM HOME THE SECOND THEY ARRIVED

What is your policy towards refugees claiming asylum in Australia?

We think that Australia should immediately withdraw from the UN convention on refugees. We believe the claims being made by refugees have very little to do with asylum… that it has become a special-immigration program with an invalid moral agenda.

What about regular immigration?

Immigration is a policy whose time has passed and it should be terminated immediately or restricted to persons of European descent. The kind of immigration we are seeing now is about recolonisation. If it doesn't stop now, Europeans will become a minority in this country by the mid-21st century.

Isn't that a little hypocritical given Australia is not part of Europe, and the fact that this country was colonised violently by Europeans a relatively short time ago?

The treatment of Indigenous Australians by European settlers was terrible. But Europeans have tried to repent for what was done in the past and connect with Aboriginal cultures. But there is no nexus or connection whatsoever between Aboriginal cultures and new groups of predominately Asian migrants. If Asians keep on migrating in large numbers, there will be no money left for Aboriginal welfare in the new Australia. And if they are allowed to continue to own and operate mines in northern Australia, things will be much worse for Indigenous Australians because Native Title will be obliterated. We call on Indigenous Australians to join us in the struggle against Asian immigration. Otherwise, they will face total obliteration.

Do you think the detention of boat people on Manus Island and Nauru has been fair?

On a purely humanitarian level, no, it has not been fair. The claims of physical and mental torture at Manus Island are undoubtedly true. But it could all have been avoided if they had been deported at once back to their home countries. Their detention has been part of a Liberal Party policy of stopping the boats but at the same time letting tens of thousands more arrive by plane. The whole thing has been a cynical exercise to convince Australians that they are tough on border protection, when in fact the refugee intake has gone through the roof since the Liberals came to power in 2013.

Do you think describing Australia's offshore detention facilities as concentration camps is accurate?

No, because their imprisonment has been contrived. At any time those people could have packed up their bags and gone back home; the government even offered to pay for their plane tickets. But they chose to stay, thinking they could force us to capitulate to their demands for asylum. And most of them are men who left their women behind. For me, that is not right. If they are being persecuted as minorities, which many of them are, they should have taken up arms instead. We should actually have trained them to fight so they could have gone home and freed their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters from tyranny.

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M174APNT

OPINION

TROUBLED WATERS

VIRTUE SIGNALLING FROM THE PRO-REFUGEE LOBBY ONLY MAKES THE TRAGIC PLIGHT OF ASYLUM SEEKERS WORSE.
BY BRENDAN O'NEILL

REFUGEES have it rough in 2017. Rougher than they've had it for decades.

Because today their lives and hopes aren't only threatened by those who fear them, by those who would bang them up in offshore detention centres or turn their rickety boats away. No, they're also threatened by those who love them, or who claim to.

The pro-refugee lobby, made up of people keen to green-light all refugee movements and who tweet endlessly about how concerned they are for these troubled foreigners, is unwittingly heaping hardship on the people it claims to care for.

Only the truly hard-hearted can fail to be moved by the plight of the teeming millions pouring from Syria into Europe or from Asia to Australia.

These people embark on alarmingly perilous journeys. They demonstrate great tenacity. We in the comfortable West overlook how brave a person must be to leave his home, cross deserts and board sorry looking ships to head into angry seas.

We tend to emphasise their desperation, as captured in the oft-repeated line from a poem by Somali-British writer Warsan Shire: "No one puts their children in a boat unless the water is safer than the land." But we shouldn't forget the courage refugees display too.

Which is why the mistreatment of them feels so foul. They show more longing to be in the West than most citizens of the West do, and we reward them by forcing them into camps ringed by wire, like those in Turkey, or keeping them at arm's length in offshore centres, as Oz does?

In Australia, neither the Libs nor the ALP seem willing to take responsibility for what they have helped each other to create in those flyblown prison camps. Since the inception of the cheerfully named "Pacific Solution" in 2001, "regional processing centres" on Nauru and Manus island have seen thousands of men and women locked behind bars for indeterminate periods of time only to be told that they wern't going to be let in. Back in August, the newly appointed UN High Commissioner for Refugees warned Australian politicians of the gravity of the crisis facing the world, and in a rare display of public censuring, condemned the miserliness of our nation's leaders. But still, when questioned on the issue, Bill Shorten and Malcolm Turnbull both continue to bury their heads in the sand.

In the words of Paris Aristotle, one of the architects of restarting offshore processing in Nauru and Manus Island, these centres are "terrible". These people deserve better.

But those who see themselves as welcoming of refugees can cause trouble too. In green-lighting mass movements – as Angela Merkel did two years ago – they contribute to danger, even death.

IN GREEN-LIGHTING MASS MOVEMENTS – AS ANGELA MERKEL DID TWO YEARS AGO – THEY CONTRIBUTE TO DANGER, EVEN DEATH.

Merkel's open arms for refugees, which she did largely as a massive virtue-signal, led to more refugees making the horrendous journey to Europe. And so more died. And inevitably, there was tension in Eastern Europe as masses of refugees clashed with local police on their way to a continent Merkel gave them permission to come to.

Also, the idea that refugees from warzones like Syria should come here turns on its head one of the key principles of refugee politics: that people should have the right to return home post-conflict.

This is why refugees have traditionally been camped close to their country: so they can at some point go back to life as they knew it. In taking hundreds of thousands of refugees away from the nations bordering Syria and into the West, we deny their refugee rights and ensure that post-war Syria will be deprived of some pretty brave young citizens.

Fearing refugees is folly. But turning them into the playthings of a hollow pro-refugee virtue is dangerous too. Unintended consequences: the scourge of modern politics.

SPORT

RAGING BULL

WHEN AN ICONIC ITALIAN SPORTS CAR MANUFACTURER UPDATES ITS FLAGSHIP MACHINE, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT IT'S NOT JUST CHANGE FOR CHANGE'S SAKE

BY KARL PESKETT

Lamborghini
I LB 734CS BO

SUPERHEATED gases shoot upwards, catapulting rocks the size of bowling balls hundreds of metres into the air. Luminous red geysers hiss and spit, while glowing liquid granite oozes underneath a blackened crust that will melt any metal it touches. At 700 degrees celsius, there isn't much that lava doesn't devastate.

These sorts of scenes are commonplace on the east coast of Sicily. Standing 3350 metres tall, Mount Etna is one of the most active volcanoes in the world and one of its spectacular eruptions was filmed as the backdrop for the Anakin versus Obi-Wan battle in *Star Wars Episode III*. Another film crew wasn't so lucky. In March this year, a team from the *BBC* trying to capture one of Etna's angry outbursts managed to get caught in a rain of fire and sulphur. Heart rates trebled among the crew, who fortunately came away mostly unscathed, apart from a few cuts, burns and bruises.

It's the unpredictability of these mountainous monsters that makes them so appealing. Volcanologists work hand in hand with seismologists to give advance warning, but the truth is until one goes off, you don't really appreciate how much power there is behind these colossal beasts.

There's another indomitable Italian that once it goes off, taps into a human's flight or fight reflex. It has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of power and, just like Mount Etna, it also spits fire.

To start it, you flip up a small cover that reveals a bright red button. Channelling your inner Kim Jong-un, you push down what looks like a missile launch controller. What follows sets the tone for the car – the starter motor briefly spins and the engine fires into life with a hugely excessive flare of the throttle. Loud, over the top, unnecessary, but completely addictive – this is the Lamborghini Aventador S.

You say you've seen it before? Oh, no, that's the old one. This one has an S on the end, which makes all the difference. Seriously.

The designer took the original and mashed elements from a space shuttle, a snake and a shark together, but the result actually combines function and form. Thanks to the new front splitter and its fins and fangs, downforce has been increased by 130 per cent. The new three-outlet shuttle exhaust also prevents the fire-spitting engine from lighting up the car, which occurred a bit too often for Lamborghini's liking. In fact, the entire car has had a thorough going over, making the extra S in the name completely justified. There is a new stability control program, interior changes, the brakes have been upgraded, and it sports a new set of boots. But the real news is the addition of rear-wheel steering.

At low speeds this turns the wheels in the opposite direction to the front wheels, effectively shortening the wheelbase, making car-park turns a whole lot easier. At higher speeds it works the opposite way, turning the back wheels in the same direction as the fronts, giving a virtual longer wheelbase, which aids high-speed stability. Couple that with reduced drag, and on paper the Aventador S is a very impressive machine indeed.

But who cares about the brochure, anyway? You want to know how hard it goes, right? Put simply: it's ballistic.

It's not often you're thrown the keys to an $800,000 machine and told to go nuts. And that didn't happen here either. Instead, Lamborghini invited us to test out its wares in the safe confines of a racetrack; Phillip Island Grand Prix Circuit, to be precise. We were put under the watchful eye of the instructors at the Accademia Lamborghini, where it was all about teaching you how to handle this brutal beast.

With an instructor in front in the same type of car, we were able to

follow his lines to learn the track. Brake here, turn in there, full throttle here. Boring. A quick word with the instructor and we picked up the pace. And hoo boy, does this thing have some pace. Suddenly we're topping 290km/h on the main straight, looking at the ocean ahead, wondering whether we'll end up spearing off the track and become great-white fodder. It's a good thing, then, that the brakes are now up to the task.

While the original Aventador was equal parts beauty and beast, its worst quality wasn't the cricket-bat-to-the-head gear changes – it was the stoppers. Even on public roads, they would overheat, so you can imagine how potentially dangerous they were on track. The Aventador S, however, has used the new aero package to more effectively cool the brakes, and the final product has paid off. All four cars at the track ran all day without a hint of brake fade, reliably and authoritatively washing the speed off, lap after lap.

The engine has also come in for an upgrade, producing a mammoth 525kW (or 740hp in the old money) and 690Nm from its 6.5-litre V12. And there's not a single turbo or supercharger in sight. At 4000rpm, the motor has a resonance that echoes through the cabin (and your head), and as it continues climbing toward its 8500rpm ceiling, it utters a wail like no other motor around. Pull one of the large paddle shifters to downshift, and it blips and then crackles and bangs on the overrun, like Yosemite Sam with a pair of AK-47s.

From a standing start, it will hit 100km/h in just 2.9 seconds. That's quicker than it took you to read that sentence. Keep the foot buried, and it hits 200km/h in 8.8 seconds. With enough road, you'll crack 350km/h before the laws of physics rein you in. Yes, this is the fastest car you can buy in Australia straight off the showroom floor.

Tip it into a corner and it darts across, with rear wheels pointing it in the right direction. It sharply cuts a clean line to the apex, deftly communicating with your fingertips, relaying its grip levels and surface condition. It chats with you, involves you in the decision-making process and, unlike the old Aventador, it never threatens to rip your head off in anger. That said, the brutal gear changes do warrant the occasional visit to the physio to realign your neck – the car may have improved out of sight, but the gearbox is still decidedly old-school.

CHANNELLING YOUR INNER KIM JONG-UN, YOU PUSH DOWN WHAT LOOKS LIKE A MISSILE LAUNCH CONTROLLER

It's still as beautiful inside with bespoke leather surfaces, a fighter-jet instrument display and toggle switches for the main controls. But it's a pain to get into, it's a pain to see out of, has minimal storage, reversing it causes heart palpitations, and it's wider than Saturn. Does anyone care, though? I mean, come on – it has scissor doors. Game over.

The Aventador S is a proper Lamborghini. It's brutally quick, looks like a spaceship, has a missile launcher for a start button, spits flames at night, and makes more noise than a Trump protest. At $788,914 before options and on-roads, it ends up being a near-seven-figure machine, but few sports cars can match it for pure theatre or desirability.

It's not quite volcanic, but like Mount Etna, the Aventador S certainly is explosive.

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TECH

BEST HEALTH APPS

IF you're trying to lose weight, get in shape, track your workout progress or clear your head, there is a range of fitness and health apps that will help you achieve your goals. The benefit of an app is that as long as you've got your phone in your pocket (which, let's face it, is practically all the time) it's always with you. They're comprehensive, personal and effective; it's just up to the person using it to stick with it. The results are worth the hard work.

Give it time and you will feel better. Exercise for mental health is a no-brainer. Walking, running or a gym session help shake off stress or lift a low mood – there are reams of scientific data to back this up. So download an app, set a goal and have a crack.

MIND

HEADSPACE

I've been using Headspace for the past 12 months and I couldn't imagine my life without it. Put simply, it has changed my world for the better. No more anxiety, depressive thoughts or sadness. I've gained control of my mind and in general been much calmer. According to neuroscientists, your brain actually reshapes itself as you continue to meditate, even though you're not aware of it. During meditation your mind activates the 'rest and digest' part of the nervous system, which helps with stress management. In Tim Ferris's *Tools of Titans*, he notes that most billionaires and world-class performers meditate in some capacity day-to-day.

Price: Free to start with additional paid content

BODY

MY FITNESS PAL

If you want a simple way to track your food intake, including fats, calories and proteins, My Fitness Pal is your go-to. Whenever you have a meal you add the foods that you're eating along with the serving size. The app has a surprisingly large database of foods and brands with all the nutritional info already saved (you can also scan the barcode of whatever you're eating which is really handy), and it's easy to input your own. After some quick calculations My Fitness Pal tells you what's needed for the day to fulfil your fitness goals. It helps you keep track of where you're at, what's possibly contributing to weight gain and when you should lay off the chocolate or saturated fats.

Price: Free (paid option)

MUSCLE

POCKET YOGA

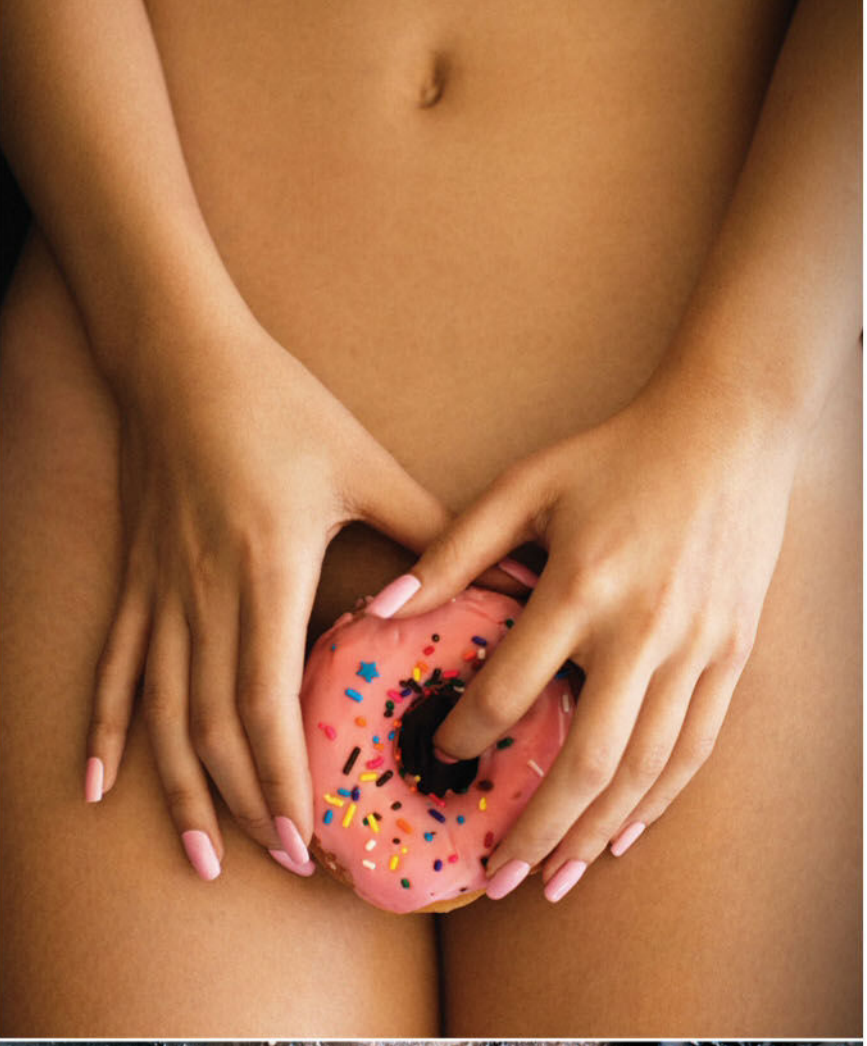
For those wishing to do a little yoga at home, Pocket Yoga makes a great companion. Anyone who trains regularly, plays contact sport or sits in an office five days a week can attest to the body getting a little sore and beaten up. I started doing yoga with the goal of becoming more flexible, correcting any imbalances and stretching out aches in my body, and the results have been fantastic. I train daily and work regular hours, so I don't have time to schedule in yoga. Using Pocket Yoga, I can whip out a quick session of 30, 45 or 60 minutes in the morning before work or afterwards in the comfort of my own home. It caters to all levels, from beginner to intermediate and expert.

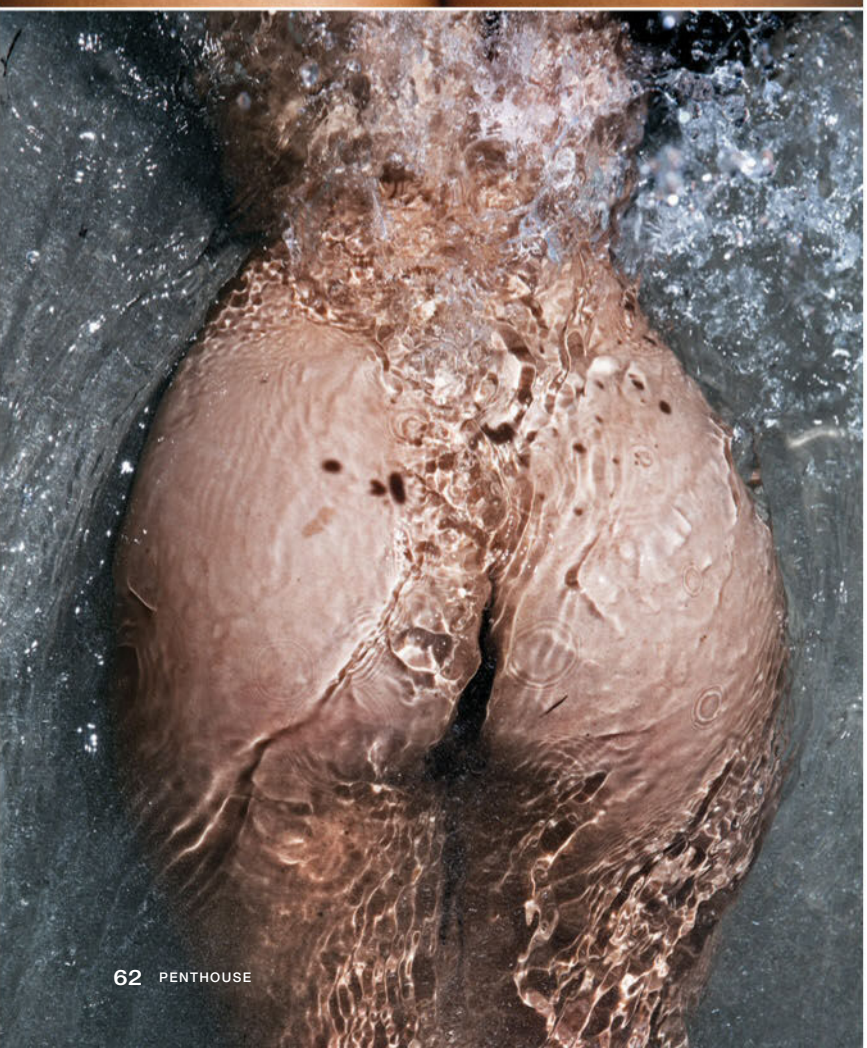
Price: $4.50

IMAGE: EXDEZ

10/17

IN FOCUS WITH JAMES FELIX





WE caught up with photographer James Felix to talk about his work and what makes him tick.

What's the best piece of advice you ever received?
You should try anything twice, you might have fucked up the first time.

Describe your work in 3 words.
Aesthetic, Evocative, Bold.

What's your best habit?
If I say I am going to be there, I will be there.

What's your worst habit?
I am impatient, I want immediate gratification.

How much preparation goes into each shoot?
Little to none if you ask the models. However, I personally spend time going through the model's portfolio to see what looks she has and what looks she needs. I hate shooting similar items to whats already in a models portfolio. I will research looks and poses that will work best with her (or his on rare occasions) physical appearance and abilities.

Do you have a 'crazy shoot' story?
Too many, but the craziest was a shoot I was doing on Haulover Beach (the only legally nude beach in South Florida). The place was full of old people, mostly guys. So as the model was posing and I was shooting, there was an elderly gentleman standing about 6 inches from, facing, stroking his dick while asking me about the model.

We love your doughnut! How'd that happen?
It was kind of my anti-pizza shot. There's nothing I hate more than the overused cliché pizza shot. So while at Dunkin Donuts (which is infinitely better than Krispy Kream) I saw this delicious looking pink doughnut with a hole in the middle and it kind of created itself from there. I told the model the idea (since we were already shooting that day) and she loved it.

It's the health issue... So...
What's your most healthy habit?
I don't drink soda, don't smoke, no drugs, and when I drink alcohol I only drink half the glass and toss the rest.

What's your most unhealthy habit?
"Meditation" wink wink

Where are we heading next time we're in Miami?
If you're into Chinese, you have to check out Yummys on South Beach. Best Americanised Chinese food ever!

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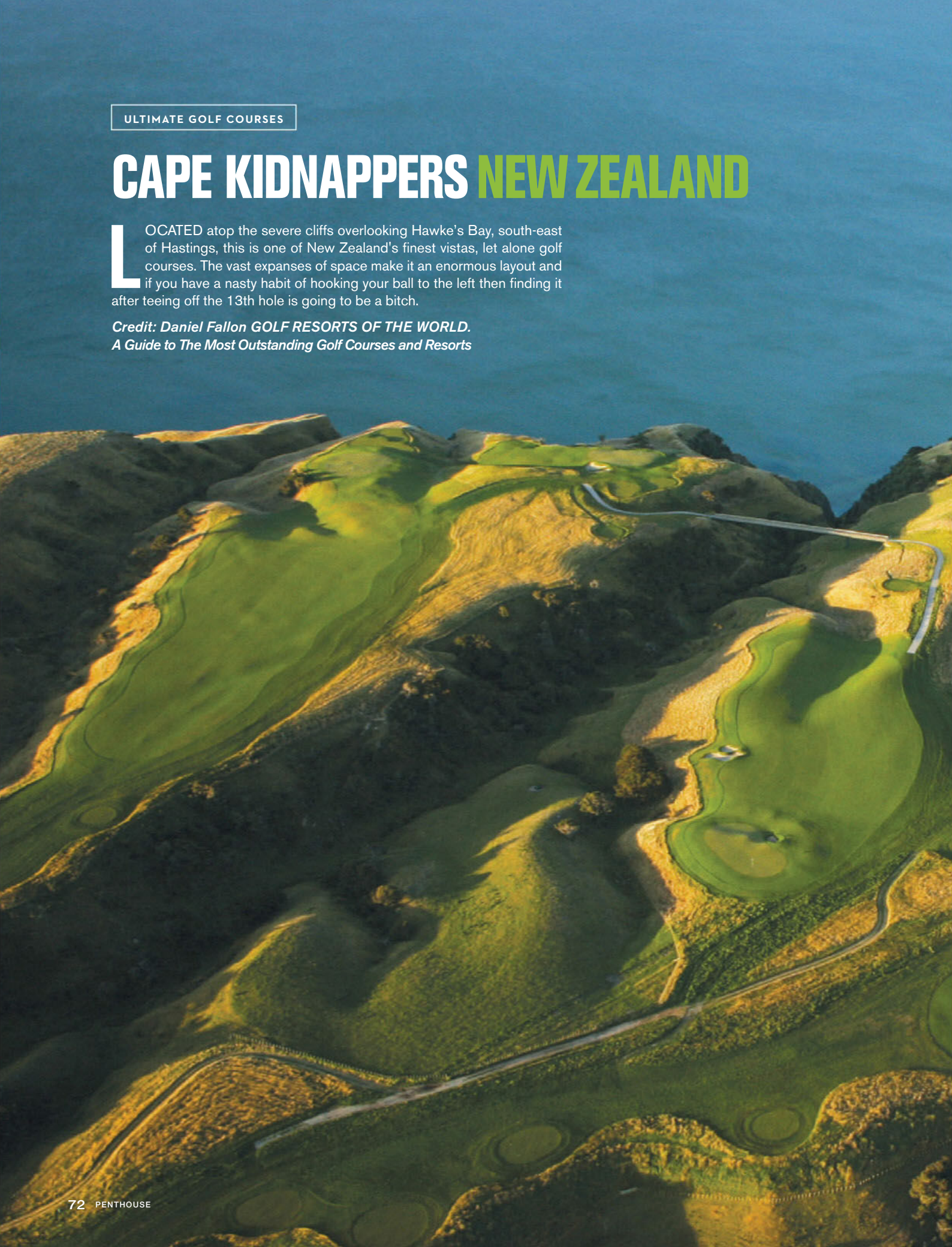
CAPE KIDNAPPERS NEW ZEALAND

LOCATED atop the severe cliffs overlooking Hawke's Bay, south-east of Hastings, this is one of New Zealand's finest vistas, let alone golf courses. The vast expanses of space make it an enormous layout and if you have a nasty habit of hooking your ball to the left then finding it after teeing off the 13th hole is going to be a bitch.

Credit: Daniel Fallon GOLF RESORTS OF THE WORLD. A Guide to The Most Outstanding Golf Courses and Resorts



STATS

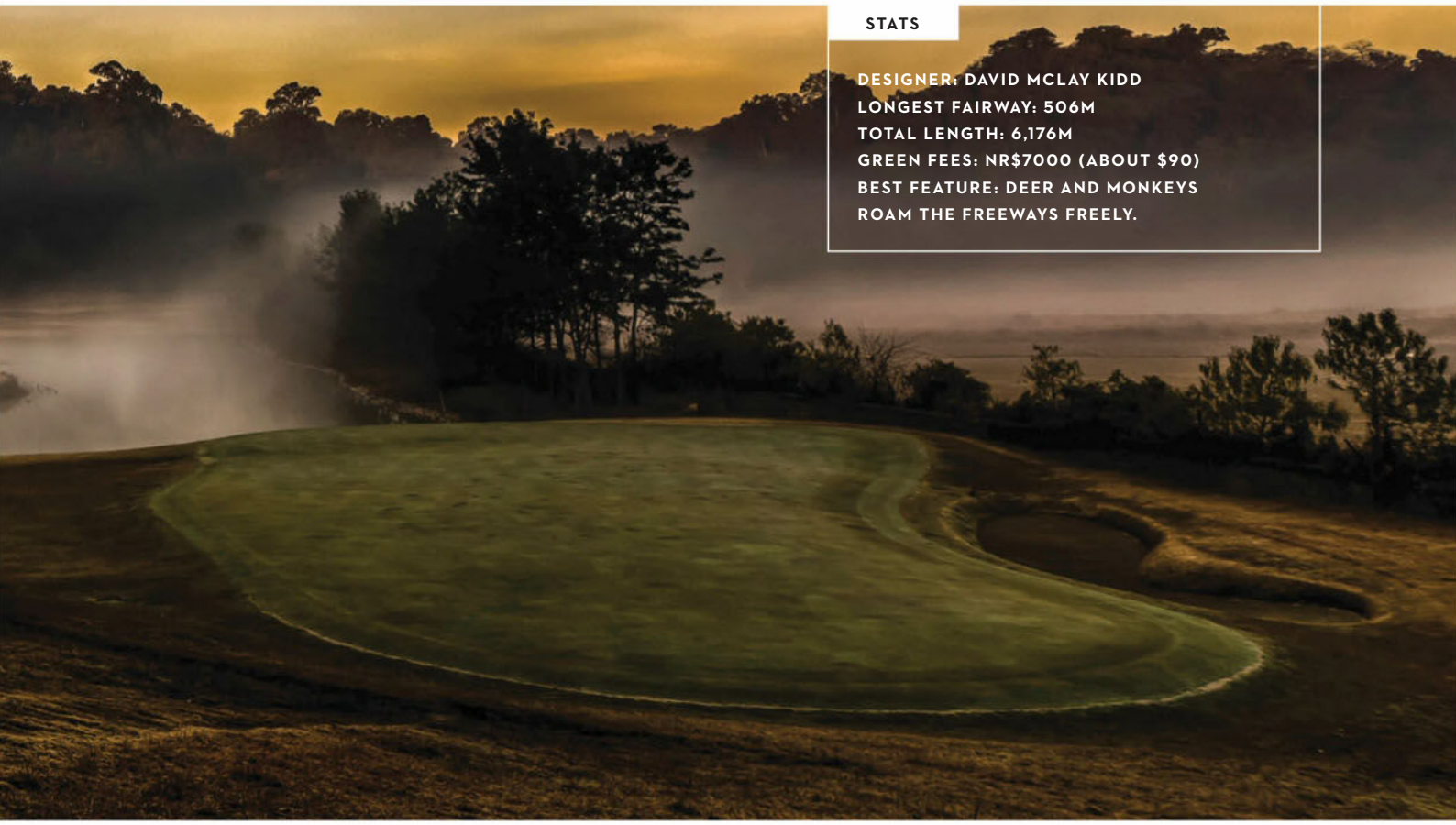
DESIGNER: TOM DOAK
LONGEST FAIRWAY: 594M
TOTAL LENGTH: 6,510M
GREEN FEES: NZ$495
BEST FEATURE: THE CLIFFS. SERIOUSLY, DON'T LOSE YOUR BALL.

GOKARNA FOREST RESORT, NEPAL

YOU might not associate Nepal with high-end golfing, but the Gokarna Forest in Kathmandu, at the foot of the Himalayas, is one of the best. The course is rich, green and lush – it is smack bang in the middle of a forest after all. Some of the trees are more than 200 years old, making walking the course an absolute treat.

STATS

DESIGNER: DAVE THOMAS
LONGEST FAIRWAY: 525M
TOTAL LENGTH: 6,271M
GREEN FEES: €250
BEST FEATURE: WE'RE PRETTY SURE THAT 'LA CASA DEL CLUB' IS SELF-EXPLANATORY...



STATS

DESIGNER: DAVID MCLAY KIDD
LONGEST FAIRWAY: 506M
TOTAL LENGTH: 6,176M
GREEN FEES: NR$7000 (ABOUT $90)
BEST FEATURE: DEER AND MONKEYS ROAM THE FREEWAYS FREELY.

RITZ-CARLTON, ABAMA, SPAIN

TENERIFE, in Spain's Canary Islands, is a haven for rich playboys and anybody with cash to splash who knows how to party and the resort and golfing facilities were made to match the demographic. Abama's citadel is the most prestigious property on the island and its website boasts, I kid you not, "a thrilling collection of holes". Sold.

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MEDICINAL SPIRITS

Fernet-Branca
Black, minty and bitter as your ex, stick it in the freezer for best results. Enjoy as you feel the icy liquid slide down your throat and ask yourself why the hell you're drinking this shit. Again. And again. Originally invented as a cure for cholera in 1845, it's solidified its place in the current marketplace by becoming the number one shot of choice among hipster bartenders.

It basically tastes like a grown-up version of Jägermeister (less sweet and without the lingering hint of regret on the finish). If you've never worried about having cholera, now's the time to start – grab a bottle and drink it on the reg just in case.

Elixir Vegetal
The rarest of the Chartreuse range of delicious liquors, this shit comes in a 100ml bottle in its own little sarcophagus and sits at a massive 69 per cent ABV. Getting your hands on any is damn near impossible so it's definitely not something to put away in one session; a teaspoon at a time to keep the doctor at bay is plenty.

Buckfast
Responsible for more teen pregnancies than the pull-out method and Errol Flynn combined, Buckfast is a tonic wine from England, although it found its popularity in Scotland where it's lovingly referred to as 'wreck the hoose juice'. Aside from alcohol, it contains more caffeine than Red Bull, making it a recipe for disaster in a teenager's hands. Fucking fun stuff though.

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MATCHA
DÉFONCÉ
CHOCOLATIER
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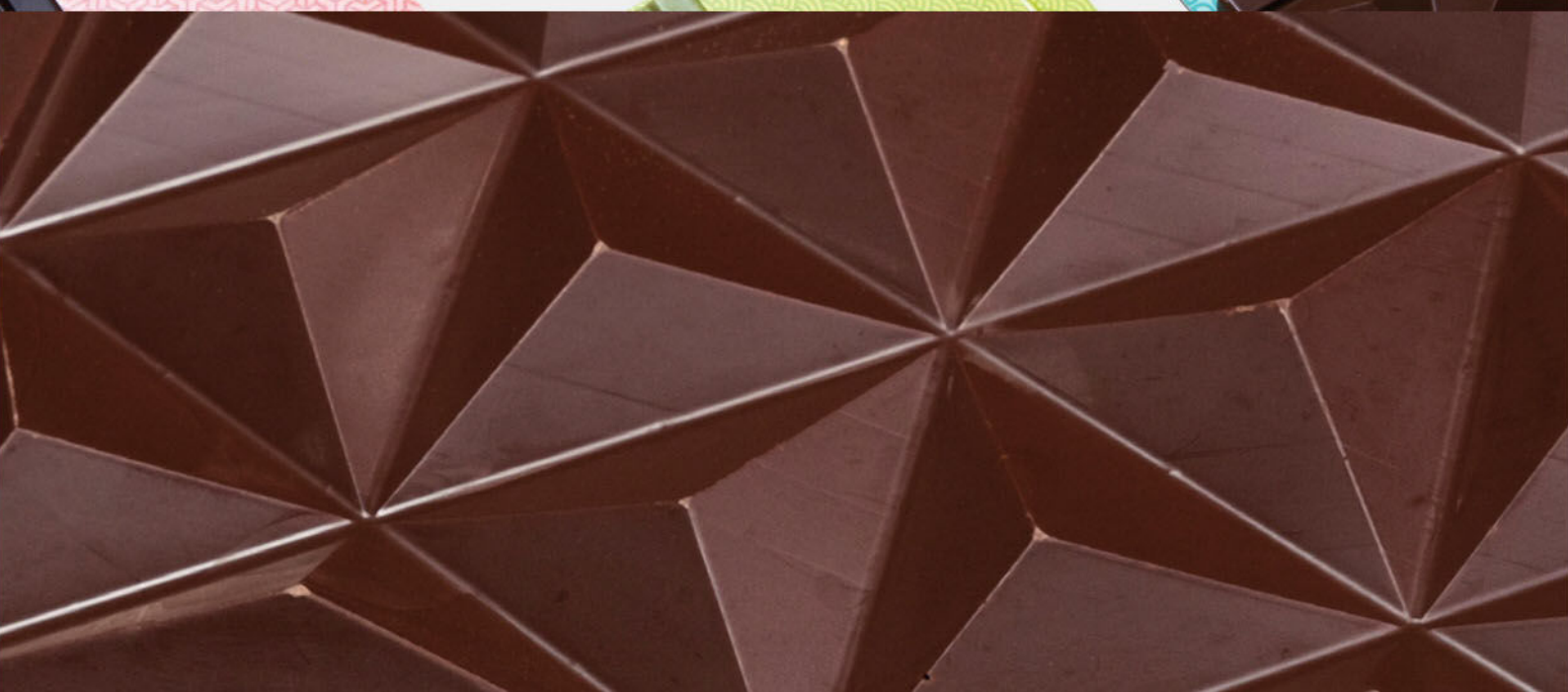
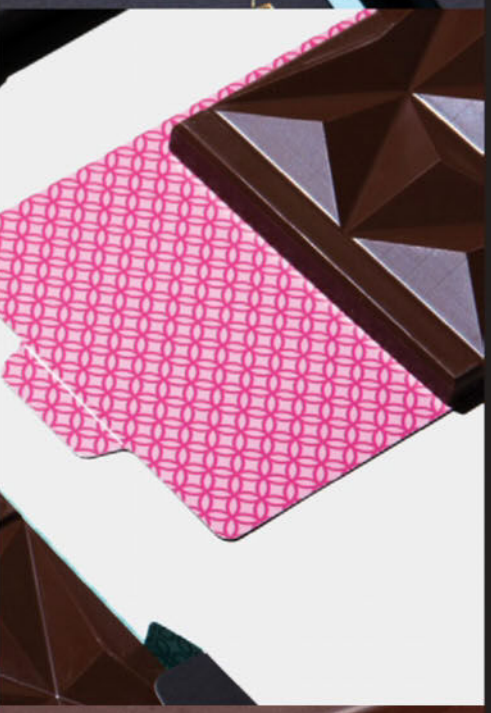
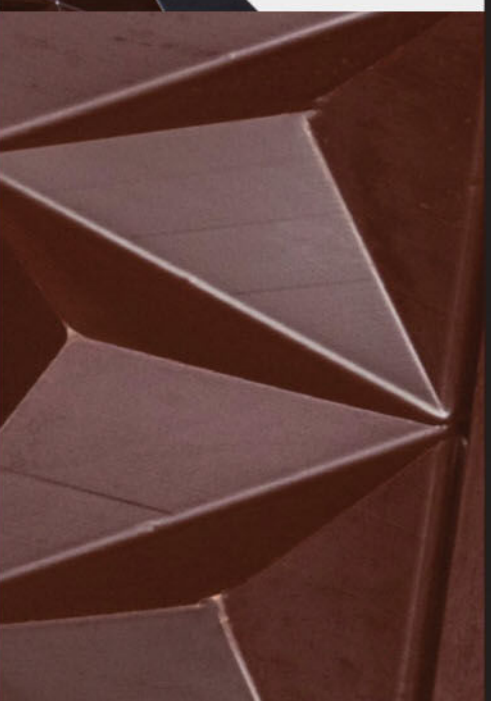
MEDICAL CANNABIS
180 THC 81 CACAO
DÉFONCÉ
CHOCOLATIER
VANILLA
MEDICAL CANNABIS
180 THC 31 CACAO







HEALTHY HIGH

HIGH-END EDIBLES

DISPENSARY

Named the best in the US by *Business Insider,* Caliva is San Jose's weed dispensary for the most discerning of stoners. No matter how you like to ingest your THC, these guys have it down to a fine art. From pre-rolled joints, strains of the stickiest of the icky with names like 'Pineapple OG' and 'Lemon Cookie Monster' to edibles of just about every variety and flavour, this place is a veritable supermarket for some dank, dank shit.

Originally focused on medicinal marijuana, which has been a pretty loose affair up until this point in California, Caliva will be turning its sights to some pretty hefty profits next year when weed is officially available to the public for recreational purposes. It would be easy to spend hours (and hundreds of dollars) in here getting so high you'd need a stepladder to scratch your own arse – with cheap flights on offer at the moment it sounds like it could be worth the trip to Cali for a week just to enjoy the spoils.

EDIBLES

Défoncé Chocolatier
Arguably the best-looking chocolate blocks we've ever seen, a wide range of flavours (including wacky ones like popcorn and matcha) administer safely dosed levels of THC that'll get you there. Only problem is trying not to eat the whole block before it hits.

Cheeba Chews
Chocolate toffee of the highest order. Literally. Healthy doses of medicinal Mary Jane that taste delish and have been helping Colorado residents with their weed needs since 2008. While they've been favourited by medical users for years, they're about to get a whole lot more popular in states that have legalised weed for recreational purposes.

Mountain Meds
These guys make a mean Cinnamon-Apple Pie Bar, packed full of the good stuff to have you chasing spaceships in no time. With 300mg of THC, this tastes just like a visit to Grandma's, except really, really fucking high.

Mellows
The name says it all really – medicated marshmallows in all flavours, with some kick-arse decorating for extra points. Perfect as they are or, if you're feeling creative, toast them on an open fire before you get nicely toasted yourself.

HEALTH SPAS

HEALTHY GETAWAY

WHETHER you're stressed from work or need an excuse to fuck off from the big city for a short while, taking a week for your mental health is the new black. Offering a range of options and activities, the health spa vacation is becoming increasingly prevalent in modern life – and it's easy to see why.

More expensive than your average break, what you fork out in dosh comes back in big returns for your state of mind and will have you arriving home fresh and energised instead of hungover and sunburnt. Here are some of the most OTT health retreats for your next trip out of town.

SHA WELLNESS CLINIC

This luxe Spanish medical hotel looks out to the Mediterranean Sea and has tailored programs to suit your needs, whether you need to de-stress or lose a few kegs. Pretty goddamn lush if you ask us.

CHIVA-SOM

BODYHOLIDAY

NECKER ISLAND

HEALTH SPAS

CHIVA-SOM

Housed on about three hectares of tropical gardens, this beachfront health resort boasts 54 stylish rooms overlooking the Gulf of Thailand. Not a bad little upgrade from the ladyboy-lousy whorehouses of Pattaya.

NECKER ISLAND

Owned by Sir Richard Branson, the British Virgin Islands retreat is home to some of the most ridiculously relaxing scenery on the planet – basically like visual Xanax. Literally nothing bad has ever happened or will ever happen here.

BODYHOLIDAY ST LUCIA

Serving up everything from meditation to fine dining, this place asks that you give them your body for a week and they'll give you back your mind. Looks like even if they served cheeseburgers and blasted death metal it'd still be a great trip.

SANCTUARY CAMELBACK MOUNTAIN

The aptly named Sanctuary in Paradise Valley, Arizona, offers a range of services, but you'll want to go for the spa option if you're here to unwind. Serious quality time away from a computer screen and more of a resort than a detox mansion.

MOUNTAIN TREK

For north of US$5,000, these guys'll take you hiking and set you loose on their property with resort facilities in mountainous British Columbia – enough fun that you'll forget you're technically there to be 'healthy'.

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HI-TECH BIKES

VOLATA BIKE

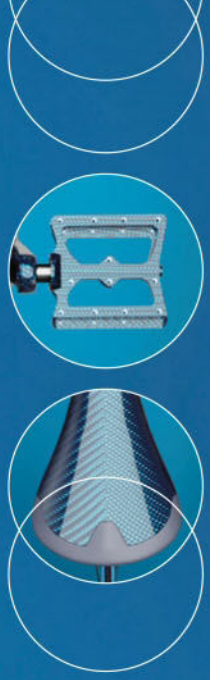
ARGUABLY the most high-tech bike on the market, the San Francisco–based Volata Cycles set out to make a bike that did it all, straight outta the showroom. The result is an intelligent bicycle that links to your phone with its own app and comes with a raft of features already installed, including automatic lights and an electronic horn (no pissy little bell here). The electronics are charged by a dynamo in the front wheel, so as long as you ride it, the battery will keep working. Neat.

VOLATA
vittoria
ZAFFIRO PRO
ALFINE

HI-TECH BIKES

PG BUGATTI BIKE

COMING in over $50,000, this bike from Bugatti, the masterminds behind the world's fastest production cars the Veyron and Chiron, is something else. It weighs five kilograms, due largely to its 95 per cent carbon fibre construction. Built in conjunction with German bike company Pimp Garage, they've limited the run to only 667, in case you're rushing out to get more than one.



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FRUIT TINGLES
THE BLACK LIGHT

EVERYTHING is better with fruit. Add it to your breakfast, smoothie or cocktail and bam – natural sweetener. Not that our model Jane needs any sweetening, as you'll see, she's already sweet enough. But that didn't stop Emma from The Black Light going all out and purchasing a truckload of fruit for this shoot. Check out our interview with model Jane Blair on the next page.

MODEL: JANE BLAIR

Pole dancer and contortionist: that's quite the combination of achievements. Where did it begin?
I guess it all began in 2010 when I attended my first pole dancing class. I fell in love with the art form straight away and in 2013 I started the first and only pole dancing publication in Australia, *The Australian Pole Dancers Magazine* (APDM).

How long have you been involved with pole dancing?
I have been pole dancing for almost eight years and have been running APDM for four years.

What's the most challenging move?
The most challenging move that I can do would have to be Rainbow Marchenko. I've never had a bad fall attempting that move. My worst fall was from a split switching move where I somehow managed to smash my face on the pole and ended up with an egg on my chin.

Tell us about your studio. What's the space like?
I've been training at Bottoms Up! Dance in Brunswick since my very first class. The studio has two beautiful rooms to dance in but really it's the people who make it the warm and welcoming space that has kept me going back.
I also teach pole and stretch at Artistic Pointe Studio in Gisborne.

How will I know if I'm dating a pole dancer?
Aside from her bruised body and huge biceps, she will also be a total badass!

What's your favorite fruit?
Strawberries!

What's your most unhealthy habit?
I have a weakness for cheese and wine and never drink enough water during the day.

Finally, are there classes for guys!? My CEO is asking…
Yes! Many men do pole dancing and are very good at it. They even have a pole dancing competition just for dudes!

You can find out more about my magazine here: www.auspoledancersmag.com.au and on Instagram @jane_eb

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DARE TO BE DIFFERENT

INSIDE THE MIND OF THE INIMITABLE DARE JENNINGS, AUSSIE LEGEND AND FOUNDER OF MAMBO AND DEUS EX MACHINA.

FEATURE

CHASING DRAGONS

THE CRISIS OF PRESCRIPTION OPIOID DEATHS IS A REMINDER OF THE LONG HISTORY OF GOVERNMENT COMPLICITY IN THE OPIUM TRADE.

BY BEN BOHANE

WHEN people look back on their life to try pinpoint the time when they 'lost their innocence' and came to an understanding of the world as it really is, all kinds of little rites-of-passage loom into view. Was it losing your cherry on the sand at Manly beach one party night? Was it the pressure of your first job and dawn of responsibility? Leaving home and getting a driver's licence? For soldiers, it might be the dehumanising ritual of boot camp and first combat that marked the tender passage into a knowing of thyself and thine world.

In my case, I think it was finding myself as a rookie 21-year-old photojournalist, in 1991, interviewing the biggest opium warlord in the world and realising that the war on drugs was not just a lie, but an elaborate charade run by the very powers that claimed to be fighting it. Curiosity had led to shock and then the reckoning: a coming to terms with state evil.

It had taken six months of networking to get access to General Khun Sa and his fortified Tiger Camp lair in the mountains and jungles of the notorious Golden Triangle region, which intersects northern Thailand, Laos and Myanmar. At the time this region was producing more than 2,400 tons of opium annually, supplying about 80 per cent of the world's heroin. Back then, Afghanistan accounted for roughly the other 20 per cent. Now it has flipped entirely and Afghanistan is the main source while opium production in the Golden Triangle has fallen considerably, replaced by meth factories and ice mules using much the same supply routes.

I'll come to my meeting with 'Prince Prosperous' and his revelations in a moment. First though, a couple of recent news stories that put me in mind of the years I spent covering the war in Burma and how our phone drug war continues to be waged and lost.

A story in *The Sydney Morning Herald* in July this year, quoting the Australian Bureau of Statistics, screamed: *Prescription opioids are killing more Australians than heroin*.

"An analysis of finalised ABS data by researchers at the National Drug and Alcohol Research Centre found 68 per cent of the 668 overdose deaths in 2013 were related to pharmaceutical opioids – a far cry from the heroin epidemic of the 1990s when the majority of opioid deaths were caused by illicit drugs," it said.

It is powerful new opiates such as oxycontin, tramadol and fentanyl (which took both Michael Jackson from his dodgy Neverland ranch and Prince off to his Purple Palace in the sky), that are used as painkillers by ordinary folk, who then find themselves, whoops! – addicted and soon enough, overdosing. While once such drugs were used only for cancer patients and battlefield casualties, now it seems your local GP might give you a fistful to help manage your transitory back pain. A knock-on effect is that many people who found themselves hooked on prescription meds and found supply difficult have turned to heroin instead: hello suburban mum and dad junkies. Be warned.

As Bee Mohammed, chief executive of ScriptWise, told the *SMH*: "The politicians have seen the statistics and state coroners have flagged these numbers, but for some reason they keep diverting funding and resources to illicit drugs… when that's really not the real issue."

In the US prescription opioid overdoses have reached crisis level. When President Trump made his most serious fuck-you threat to North Korea, warning of "fire and fury" if they attacked Guam, he happened to be in a national crisis meeting about opioid deaths at the time. In America, 142 people die every day from opioid overdoses. But Big Pharma keeps laughing all the way to the bank and Trump's administration is hardly going to rein them in.

Whether opiates are bought over the counter or sourced in dark alleyways, you'll find a government behind them. Occasionally a little snippet of light gets through the cracks and we glimpse the truth. Take this obituary in July this year of Olive Yang, who is described as a "cross-dressing royal-turned-warlord, whose CIA-supplied army consolidated opium trade routes in the Golden Triangle in the 1950s, had tabloid-fodder romances, and later in life served as a government peace broker with Kokand rebels."

She died at 90, decades after leading a 1,000-strong army of anti-communist Kuomintang (KMT) guerillas in northern Burma, hence their US patronage. They fought Chinese-backed communist guerillas while taxing the caravans of raw opium on their way to the Thai border. Being the gay daughter of the king of Shan state may have given her the licence to boldly be herself: there's a story of how on her wedding night as a young girl, pushed into a family-arranged alliance, she threw a pot of urine over her husband when he tried to consummate the marriage. Later she embarked on a torrid affair with a well-known Burmese actress.

Yang's group was affiliated with Khun Sa's Mong Tai Army (MTA), made up of local Shan child soldiers and Chinese KMT soldiers who had fled China after Mao and his communists took over. I never met Yang, but after a lengthy trek into the foggy mountains of the Golden Triangle, alongside panting donkeys and the occasional elephant, I reached Tiger Camp in order to interview Khun Sa.

WHETHER OPIATES ARE BOUGHT OVER THE COUNTER OR SOURCED IN DARK ALLEYWAYS, YOU'LL FIND A GOVERNMENT BEHIND THEM.

It happened just after the US had seized Panamanian strongman Manuel Noriega, another CIA operative who knew too much. Following Noriega's capture, suddenly Khun Sa was thrust into the spotlight, named "public enemy number one" by the Drug Enforcement Agency and indicted by a US court on nine drug trafficking charges. It looked like Khun Sa (real name Chiang Chi-Fu; his adopted name means Prince Prosperous in the Shan dialect) was to be the next target – and here I was, about to meet him. Jeez, Khun Sa must be taking extra precautions I thought as I arrived at Tiger Camp, where I was frisked under a monsoonal downpour and led to a little guest house.

So you can imagine my surprise when I interviewed the charming, cigarette-smoking, Chivas Regal-imbibing Prince Prosperous, responsible for most of the world's heroin, some days later, and he waved all concern away with a regal sweep of his hand.

"Oh that's nothing. It's just a newspaper war. The CIA – they're my friends," he said, smiling like a cat. "I am not American and the charges do not concern me. The simple fact is, the DEA and CIA don't want to stop opium production in the Golden Triangle, because then they won't have any job, any money or any power left!" he laughed.

"How else do you explain the rise in opium production and the fact that no major drug seizures have ever been made here?"

AT THE TIME, THIS REGION WAS PRODUCING MORE THAN 2,400 TONS OF OPIUM ANNUALLY, SUPPLYING ABOUT 80 PER CENT OF THE WORLD'S HEROIN

He was well aware of the dangers of opium but insisted he had no choice because opium, was the only crop that poor and remote Shan farmers could cultivate to give them enough money to live on for the year. He claimed to be a "scapegoat" in the opium trade, singling out the DEA and CIA as being largely responsible for it and alleging they had "meddled in this region for too long". The US had ignored his seven-year plan to convert opium fields to cash crops and rice and in 1976 rejected an offer he made to sell the annual opium harvest for US$300 million, promising to eradicate the fields permanently. He was told by US officials that they "don't deal with blackmailers".

"There are only two people in the world who want to get rid of opium – the mother of the addict and myself," he said, and then asked, "How come the US spends more than a billion dollars on fighting drugs but they are unable to stop the flow?"

While his comments were an attempt to duck the spotlight, they have some factual basis. We need to understand that the history of opium is the history of empires. It was the Dutch and their East Indies Company who first traded in opium in the 17th and 18th centuries. The French quite openly taxed opium as a way to pay for their colonial administrations in Indochina. But it was the British who really, ahem, gave the drug trade a shot in the arm. Finding that the Celestial Kingdom had no great interest in British products at a time when Britain was desperate for Chinese tea, they fought two wars to force China into accepting opium. Hong Kong island was one of the prizes for British victory and many of the big British trading houses there, such as Jardines, first made their fortune in the opium trade.

When the Americans became involved in the wars of Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, they pretty much took over the opium trade to help pay for it. Professor Alfred McCoy did some fascinating research that was published in 1972 in his now famous book *The Politics of Heroin in Southeast Asia*, which the CIA tried unsuccessfully to ban. In it he traces US covert links to the drug trade back to WWII. At the time US Naval Intelligence was concerned about Nazi infiltration and several sabotage incidents on the East Side docks in New York, where merchant ships were a vital lifeline to Britain and the war effort. They had to control security on the wharves at a time when the docks where being run by powerful wharfies and unions with links to the Italian mafia.

Enter Charles 'Lucky' Luciano, a Sicilian mobster who did a deal with US authorities to provide security on the wharves in return for a blind eye turned to his narcotics trade. During the invasion of Sicily, the allies also used the mafia's network as they pushed deeper into Italy to defeat Mussolini, often installing known mafiosi as town mayors.

The links between US intelligence, the Italian mafia and the Corsican underworld continued well into the '50s and '60s, as mobster Santo Trafficante inherited Luciano's network. So when the US became involved in the Indochina wars they already had a powerful underground network in place for distribution. During the '60s and '70s the CIA, through its Air America program, was responsible for basically flying in weapons to anti-communist guerrillas in Laos and Cambodia – and flying out "Number 4 (best) grade" heroin.

It wasn't just about making money. Part of the rationale was to get blacks, hippies and war dissenters back home hooked so they could be controlled: it was social conditioning. This information became so well known that it has trickled down into pop culture and even some Hollywood films have slyly tackled it – Mel Gibson's *Air America* references the guns-for-drugs operation and the stateside impact is central to *American Gangster*, starring Denzel Washington and Russell Crowe.

Later investigations into collusion, such as Gary Webb's journalistic exposure in the 1980s of complicity between US intelligence and the Contras in Nicaragua, who just happened to be major cocaine traffickers, was also highlighted in a film called *Kill The Messenger*.

And now? Following Khun Sa's peaceful death in 2007 in Yangon, completely untouched by the US, is it any surprise that Afghanistan has since emerged as the world's largest opium producer? The US has some responsibility here too, particularly given that the Taliban declared its intention to destroy poppy cultivation when it first captured the country. The trade has since flourished because of the war. You could say the seeds were planted even earlier. In the 1950s, as part of a massive infrastructure project to help the king of Afghanistan modernise his nation, the US built massive dams and irrigation projects in the otherwise dry Helmand province. Today Helmand is the centre of opium cultivation in Afghanistan, as highlighted in Adam Curtis's BBC documentary *Bitter Lake*.

WHEN THE AMERICANS BECAME INVOLVED, THEY PRETTY MUCH TOOK OVER THE OPIUM TRADE TO HELP PAY FOR IT

So it seems whether you get hooked on junk through prescription drugs or from your man in a dark alley, both avenues are rooted in government complicity. Disgust at this state of affairs should be enough to wean you off riding the dragon.

After my trip to see Khun Sa I was invited to address a packed audience at Bangkok's Foreign Correspondents Club of Thailand, where I duly reported Khun Sa's claims of CIA complicity and noted the long imperial history of the drug trade. A man in a bad cream suit stood up, announcing in a Southern drawl that he was from the US embassy, and angrily denounced any accusations of complicity as "lies and fabrications". Looking back I'm somewhat amazed by my unguarded honesty and perhaps naivety in speaking out, but perhaps that's what happens when you lose your innocence and get angry for feeling duped.

Ever since I have followed a basic journalist credo: don't believe anything until it has been officially denied. The drug war is bogus, while the powers behind it continue to shape our geopolitics. There is simply way too much black money to be made, which is why it's much more profitable for those who wish to keep it illegal – gangs and governments alike.

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Q & A

TRUTH AND DARE

MULTI-TALENTED MULTIMILLIONAIRE DARE JENNINGS HAS A GIFT FOR READING THE ZEITGEIST. NOW HE'S JETTISONING DEUS EX MACHINA, WHERE WILL HE GO NEXT?
BY IAN LLOYD NEUBAUER. PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY FRIEDMAN

HERE'S the gist of it: a retirement home for men in Southeast Asia stocked with fast motorcycles and classic cars, where the nurses are young and beautiful and residents can basically do whatever they want. The idea probably wouldn't go down well with the tycoons on *Shark Tank*. But it does have one strong thing going for it: it sprang from the mind of a man who conceived two global lifestyle brands generations apart that together have generated hundreds of millions of dollars in sales.

The first, 1980s surfwear juggernaut Mambo, went from making T-shirts with prints of dogs farting and humping legs to the uniforms for the Australian team at the closing ceremony of the Sydney 2000 Olympics. The second, Deus Ex Machina, founded in 2006, sells clothing and merchandise in the massive crossover space between the surf, skateboard, cycling and motorcycle subcultures. It also builds the finest custom motorbikes on the planet, including Orlando Bloom's V-Twin and Ryan Reynolds's Triumph Custom Bonneville.

His name is Dare Jennings. Sixty-seven. Multimillionaire. Father of two. Has no idea how many people work for him. Rides a motorcycle to the office. Well, it's less of an office and more the embodiment of the man-cave fantasies of every red-blooded male: a slick inner-city Sydney warehouse conversion, retrofitted with an open-plan restaurant, bar, function space, design studio, motorcycle workshop cut straight out of the set of *Happy Days* and a showroom full of shit-hot handmade motorcycles dripping in leather and chrome.

SOMETHING IN THE WATER

"How on earth did a radical left-wing, dole-bludging, pot-smoking surfer with a short attention span manage to turn his mates' worst failings into a business?" reads a blurb on a talent website spruiking Jennings's availability as a public speaker – and his insights on branding and innovation – at $10,000 per appearance.

I ask myself the same question as I chart the course of Jennings's life. The son of a soldier-settler, he grew up on a farm in Outback NSW in the 1950s and 1960s, in what really was the middle of bumfuck nowhere. But instead of spending the rest of his life as Jennings himself puts it "driving a tractor around in circles," he become a fashion pop-savant with an almost Steve Jobs-like ability to invent – and reinvent – the concept of cool.

I find one clue to the mystery in the writings of his older sister Kate Jennings, an Australian novelist and poet who has won or been shortlisted for half a dozen literary awards, including the Man Booker. In 1970, during the height of the Vietnam War, she made her famous 'Front Lawn' speech at Sydney University, in which she told war protesters they were full of shit because more Australian women were dying in dodgy backyard abortion clinics than soldiers were being killed in Vietnam.

"How many of you would get off your fat piggy arses and protest against the killing and victimisation of women in your own country?" she asked the stunned crowd, before adding: "And to my brothers on the drug scene. Grass is good. But instead of becoming happy and peaceful and oh so motherfucking loving, all I can see is you sitting, asserting, even grooving in your maleness, dominating every joint."

Was there something in the water at the Jennings farm that turned the kids into agents provocateurs? From an Aussie Jesus who preached against homophobia to a Pauline Hanson-inspired Redneck matchbox design, Mambo's artwork and Kate's writing were cut from the same cloth: anti-authoritarian, anti-mainstream and politically incorrect. Yet whereas Kate's world views were formed reading the works of Gloria Steinem and other literary heroines of the second-wave feminist movement, Dare's were sparked by something far more elemental: the deep guttural exhaust note of an American chopper.

WAS THERE SOMETHING IN THE WATER AT THE JENNINGS FARM THAT TURNED THE KIDS INTO AGENT PROVOCATEURS?

"I was hanging out with some friends in Griffith when I saw a local hoodlum riding around on a big, loud Harley-Davidson," Jennings tells me. "So I chased him up the road, bought the bike off him and started customising it in the garage. It came easily because growing up on a farm we were obliged to know our way around mechanics."

After high school, Jennings followed his sister to Sydney University. He spent his time there surfing, skating, farting around on motorcycles, basically doing anything but studying

until it became pointless to continue pretending he was working towards a degree.

He spent the rest of the 1970s drifting up and down Australia's East Coast. About the same time he got into screen-printing – first for fun then to make a living, selling T-shirts here and there. Within a few years Jennings had flipped his hobby into a large screen-printing business that made wholesale fabric prints from a factory near Sydney airport. The business was highly successful, but it didn't make Jennings happy. "I was a leftie and there I was running a factory, arguing with union reps, stuck in a business I detested when all I wanted to do was surf," he says.

RISE AND FALL

Fast-forward to the early 1980s in inner-city Sydney, when live rock had exploded onto the scene. "Every pub had bands playing, everyone went to watch them, and then the whole punk thing happened," Jennings recalls.

Denuded of his soul-sucking screen-printing business, he teamed up with Jules Normington, the former manager of cult Australian rock band Radio Birdman, and opened Phantom Records, a record store-cum-record label in the heart of Sydney's CBD.

"All the big bands, the Hoodoo Gurus, the Sunnyboys, they all used to come in," Jennings remembers. "Around that time I also became friends with Reg Mombassa. He was playing with Mental as Anything but I just loved his art, crazy stuff like fire-breathing chooks. So I asked him if we could use some it for a [record] cover. That's how we started the label, by combining the things we loved: music and art."

That led to another idea, combining art with Jennings' other passion, surfing. "The idea was to use local artists like Reg to make clothing that was totally different to what the other surfing brands were doing at the time," he says.

"For them, surfing was an inner sanctum. You were either in or out, their messages were sexist and racist. So Mambo was a chance to take the piss out of the surfing industry and it offended a lot of people. But I've found out if you piss off half the people, the other half loves you for it. We were stand-up comedians making clothing with dogs that had musical notes coming out their arses – and it worked. We didn't need focus groups or marketing managers to tell us what the demographic wanted, because we were the demographic. We were intuitive businessmen. It was an easy model to exploit."

Jennings rode the crest of Mambo's wave all the way to the Sydney Olympics. But instead of taking Mambo to the next level, the uniforms created for the closing story became the brand's undoing. "Getting involved with the Olympics made it mainstream," Jennings says. "Mambo lost its edge."

That same year, Jennings sold Mambo for $20 million. Cashed-up and an expectant father for the first time at the age of 50, he looked like a man on a collision course with retirement. But he continued to travel, studying people and their subcultures while seeking out new ideas.

During a trip to Japan, he came into contact with the *bosozoku* – urban motorbike gangs who dressed like the British rockers of the 1950s and rode around on customised motorcycles and scooters.

"These guys were riding around on vintage bikes and wearing vintage clothes but somehow it all looked contemporary. It looked interesting and new," Jennings says. "So I came up with the idea to bring it all back with Deus. But I didn't want it to be one-dimensional like Mambo. I wanted it to be a compendium of all the things I like: motorcycles, surfing, art, music – a brand that was more than the sum of its parts. Today, we've got stores in Australia, Bali, the US, Italy and Japan. Global turnover is $30 million or something."

THE HEINRICH MANOEUVRE

I arrange to catch up with Jennings at Deus Ex Machina's capacious showroom on Sydney's Parramatta Road on a dreary winter's morning. It's not the first time we meet nor is it my first time in the showroom, which is more of a motochic art gallery – a menage of surfboards, books, prints, paintings, fixed-gear track bicycles, vintage luggage and sunglasses, riding boots, helmets, hoodies, T-shirts and jeans arranged round a chocolate box of beautifully handcrafted motorcycles. But it's the first time I get to see it all on a private tour with the owner.

Deus motorcycles, Jennings explains, aren't built from scratch. They are individually handcrafted on the skeletons of popular production bikes such as Yamaha's SR400s and Kawasaki's W650s – "blank canvasses", as Jennings describes them, for his wrench-monkeys to do their bidding.

MAMBO WAS A CHANCE TO TAKE THE PISS OUT OF THE SURFING INDUSTRY AND IT OFFENDED A LOT OF PEOPLE

The Jap customs are alluring, as are the odd British and American bikes littering the showroom floor. Yet my eyes are drawn to an infinitely more resplendent machine – a motorcycle so exotic it has its own name.

The Heinrich Manoeuvre is a mongrel dog interpretation of the BMW's R nineT, a cafe-racer inspired monster with a hand-stitched suede seat, a sexy curve of black glass for an instrument panel and a handmade pearl white fuel tank that's a work of art in itself.

The Heinrich Manoeuvre costs $60,000 – nearly three times the price of the stock standard BMW R nineT. But it comes with a bloody great story. "BMW gave us this bike to see what we could do with it," Jennings says. "They invited me to pick it up from the factory in Munich, so I brought along Woolie [Deus Ex Machina USA's chief mechanic Michael Woolaway] and Woolie brought along Orlando Bloom, because he was building a bike for Orlando in LA at the time. They took us very seriously when we arrived."

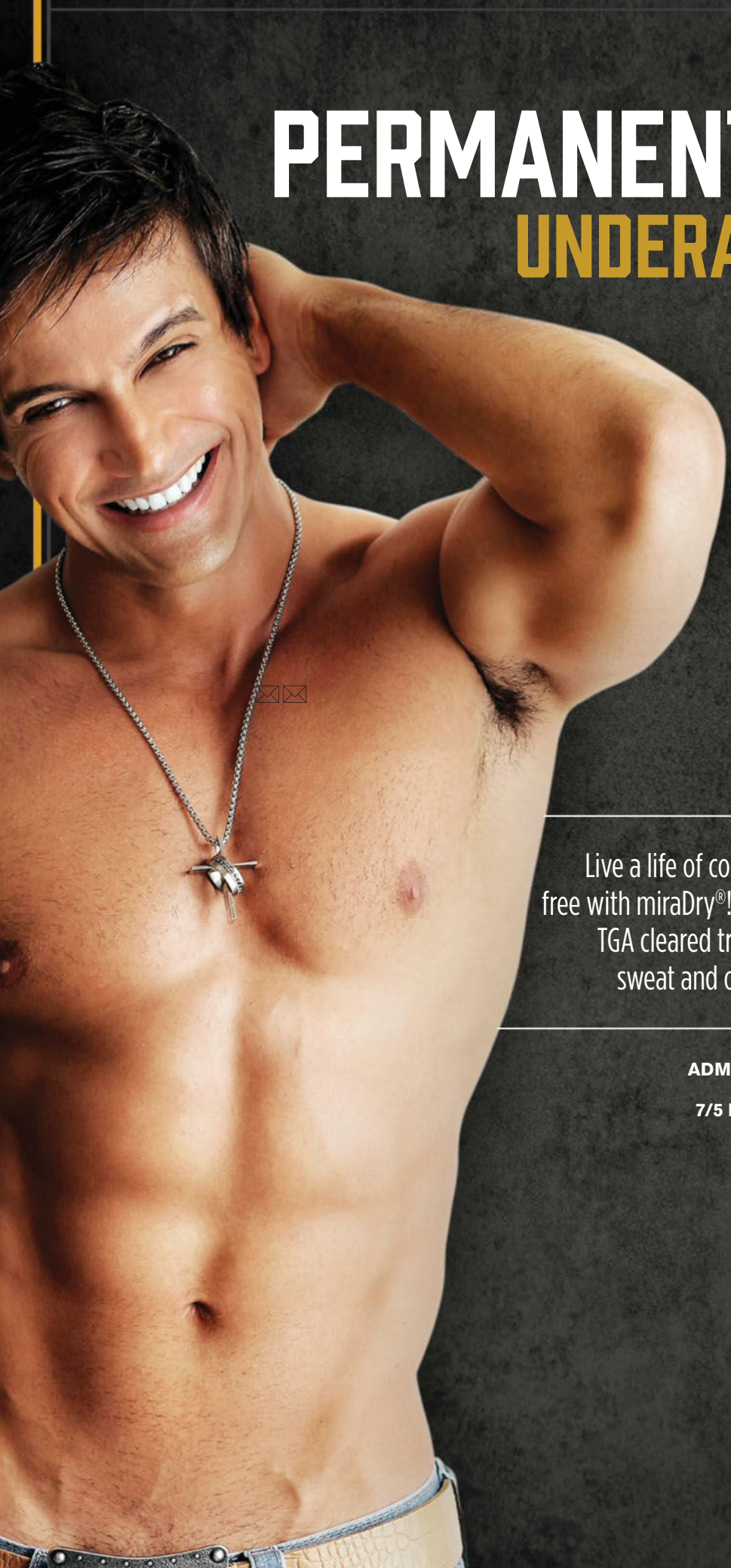
When the tour winds up, we retire to the Deus cafe where I spend the next hour quizzing my host on how he came up with his big ideas and the business and life lessons we can learn from his experiences. But a few minutes into the interview, two things become abundantly clear. First, my host has been asked these same questions over and over. And second, he has no

place running a business, even one as cool as Deus Ex Machina. Jennings wants out.

In 2015 he told *The Australian Financial Review* he had "advanced sale negotiations" for Deus with L-Capital, the private equity arm of LVMH Group, one of the world's largest luxury goods companies. The first time I met Jennings at a Deus event in Bondi in 2016, he also spoke of his search for investors. And today, no matter what questions I throw at him, his answers gravitate towards plans to hand over the reigns to someone who can take Deus to the next level.

Jennings is an inventor. He exists to make things – new things – and anything else is a waste of his time. Like Mambo and Phantom Records before it, Deus Ex Machina is no longer a crazy idea nor an underdog brand. Deus has gone mainstream. It no longer needs Jennings and Jennings no longer needs it. And when the two finally part company, the market is going to want to know what Jennings is up to next – even if it's something as ludicrous as aged-care for bikies.

"I was going through this period in life when my poor old dad was stuck in a retirement home. Here was this guy who'd led such an active life and now all he could do was sit there because the nurses couldn't let him go outside and ride his moped," Jennings says. "So I came up with an idea where the nurses are dusky maidens and patients can do as they please – hopefully drive a motorcycle into a ditch and kill themselves instead of spending the rest of their lives staring out a window."



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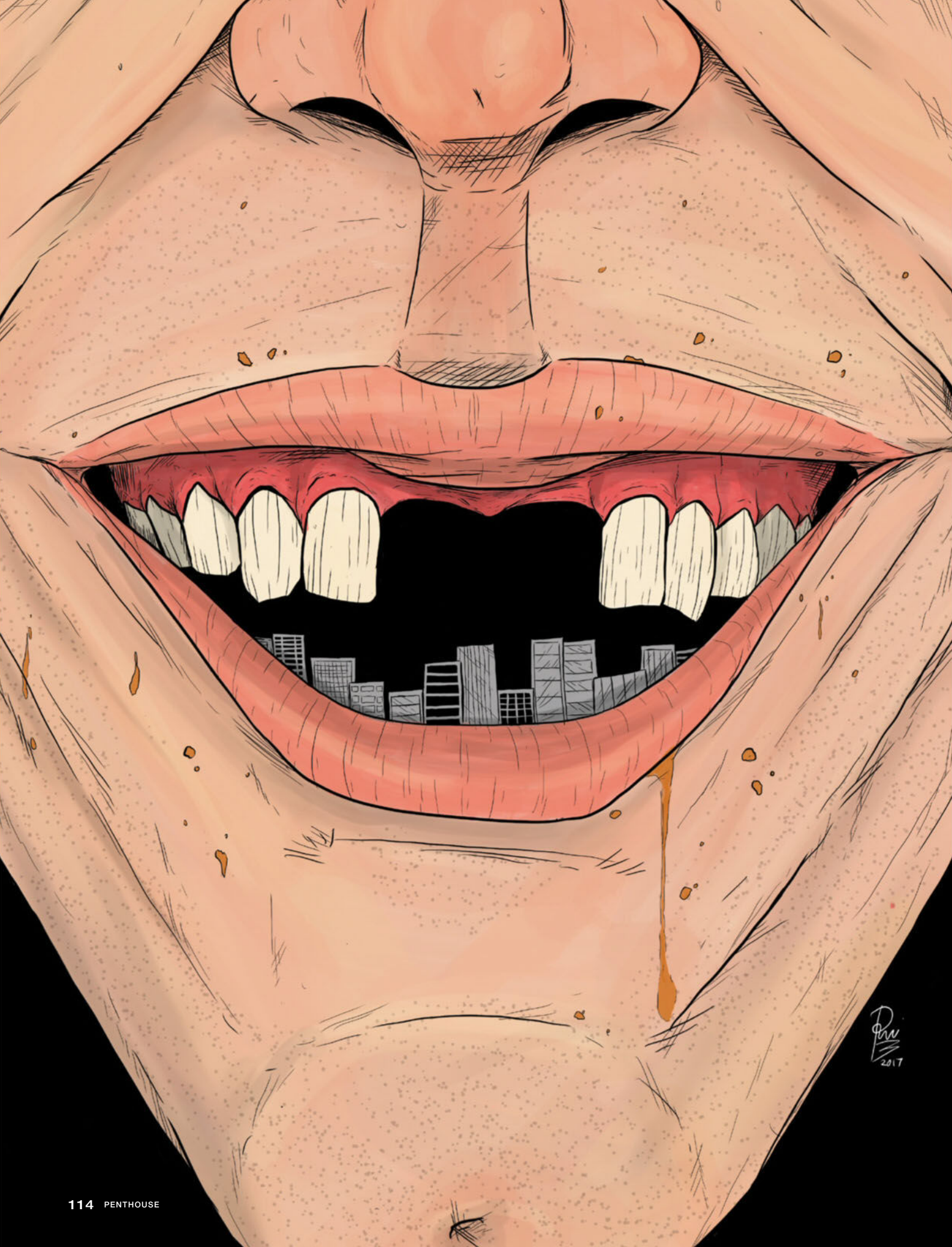
Title: Protein Myth



LYING THROUGH YOUR TEETH

PROTESTING AGAINST SYDNEY'S LOCK-OUT LAWS LEADS TO A DENTAL DISASTER AND AN ENLIGHTENING ENCOUNTER WITH GOD.
BY CHARLES WATERSTREET

AS a lawyer, I have been accused of lying through my teeth, which became difficult when two of the front ones fell out last Saturday night. To cut a long story short, I was innocently helping street artist Anthony Lister unveil a mural protesting against the lock-out laws which – in my experience – have led to an epidemic of locked jaw, due to the alternative availability of drugs that have no opening or closing times for sale. The glitterati of Sydney's Darlinghurst gathered to join the protest against the laws, which have ripped the heart out of Kings Cross and led to incredible wealth for the former nightclub owners who have sold off their properties to developers.

In any event, while I was posing in front of the mural, I got a call from Matt Barrie of *Freelancer.com* offering a spare ticket for a talk by astrophysicist extraordinaire Neil deGrasse Tyson. I've been a big star-struck, star-fucker all my life, so the opportunity to meet Tyson was irresistible.

I was running my usual half an hour late after grabbing a takeaway chicken roll from Miss Chu on William Street. While waiting for a cab and eating my roll, I caught a bone that must have been missed in the preparation. What I didn't realise as I spat it out onto the side of the road, and until I was actually in a cab, that 'bone' was, in fact, my two front teeth. And they were now turned loose somewhere on William Street.

I have made a small fortune for Sydney's dentists ever since Albury (my home town) famously decided not to put fluoride in the local water supply, because the mayor at the time was convinced it was a communist plot to poison the fairest and brightest of his city's young. Over the years my teeth have been filled with so many gold and metal fillings that when I jump into a pool I sink to the bottom.

I asked the driver to turn the cab around and unsuccessfully searched in the dark for my errant incisors. I thought I had better come back in the morning, when the gold would glitter in the AM sun. So I went front-toothless to the Convention Centre, where Matt had organised front row seats for myself and my former Angel, Cyan, along with a few other guests.

Tyson was introduced by Osher Günsberg, formerly known as Andrew G. was riveting, and although I was deeply disturbed by the absence of my two front teeth, I kept a stiff upper lip so as not to show it. By the end of his talk, Earth was a tiny blue pinprick on a gigantic wide screen. But the ultimate question of whether there is a God or not was clearly apparent, and that it was him.

The highlight of the evening was backstage wearing a VIP lanyard going to meet the man in person and have a photograph taken with him – making me the envy of 'grammers all over the world. As I lined up, toothless, I still wanted to make a big impression. So I bit my tongue (which ironically didn't hurt too much), but when Osher, aka Andrew G, said, "This is Charles Waterstreet, meet Neil." My response, "Man! You're the black walkin' talkin' Stephen Hawkin!" caused his peripheral vision to zoom in on me, and I, unfortunately, smiled – revealing that I was all too human, unlike him. He grabbed me by the arm and demonstrated the international bonding of wordsmiths, not unlike the handshake of a Freemason. At least that's what I imagined.

We left the Convention Centre in search of food. There was nothing open at that time in the whole of Darling Harbour and the city. So we walked to Double Bay, which has been the provedore for Sydney's late-life desperados since Adam was a boy. I ate a very soft mousse to protect my gums.

ALTHOUGH I WAS DEEPLY DISTURBED BY THE ABSENCE OF MY TWO FRONT TEETH, I KEPT A STIFF UPPER LIP SO AS NOT TO SHOW IT.

I was up again at daylight, prowling in front of Miss Chu, sometimes on my hands and knees, only to find a pair of rosary beads, a five-cent piece and a broken seashell that almost passed for teeth.

The following day, that remarkable man of Middle Eastern appearance, Dr Bernard Zayour, drove from Burwood to look into the space between my surviving fluoride-free teeth. Somehow he seduced the dental mechanic next door, and together they made a play while I settled a legal dispute on my iPhone for the mechanic's family.

Within three hours I once more had a full set of teeth, the colour of ochre, inserted on a plate – unfortunately without any nitrous oxide, which was the only incentive to visit the dentist anyway. My body is starting to decay after years of bingeing on sugar and sugar babes, which do cause diabetes and debt. I have always had a sweet tooth and hoped when I woke the next day, the tooth fairy may have left a coin or two by my bed.

HARRISON FORD
BLADE RUNNER 2049

THE GREAT EMU WAR

A LITTLE-KNOWN HISTORIC BATTLE HIGHLIGHTS AN UNUSUAL DEFEAT FOR THE REVERED AUSTRALIAN ARMY.
BY BEN POBJIE

AUSTRALIAN history is littered with stirring tales of military excellence, of Diggers fighting bravely and brilliantly, defying the odds and stunning the world with our natural antipodean prowess. But there is one triumph that is sadly often overlooked, purely because the vanquished enemy happened to be the Australian Army itself, and the plucky Aussies who won the victory were not, in a technical sense, human. It's historical bigotry – but luckily we can finally set that right.

The Great Emu War of 1932 was sparked by the farmers of Western Australia and their frustration with the vast hordes of emus destroying their crops. These lanky, feathered, vegetarian velociraptors swept across the farmlands in their tens of thousands, making the task of living off the land – already difficult due to the Depression – almost impossible. The farmers, being proud Australians committed to honouring their national customs, complained to the government. The government's response was simple: send in the army. Major GPW Meredith of the Royal Australian Artillery travelled to WA with two subordinates and a brace of Lewis guns, with which he was to shoot down the rapacious birds with extreme prejudice.

Traditional thinking, in both the realms of military history and of comparative zoology, would have it that the average flightless bird is at a severe disadvantage in direct conflict with the average gas-operated truck-mounted pan-magazine 500-rounds-per-minute automatic machine gun. Traditional thinking, though, has its limitations – and so it proved.

The Royal Artillery began with the obvious: herding the emus into a large group so they could be efficiently mown down. This hit a snag with the discovery that the emu is a masterful guerrilla fighter. At the first whiff of an ambush they immediately split into myriad small groups running every which way, making it impossible for the guns to draw a bead on a single mass of birds. Later Meredith had his men lie in wait by a dam for more than a thousand emus who were coming for a drink. Twelve emus laid down their lives that day but then the gun jammed and the rest scarpered, proving once and for all that when it comes to operational reliability, an emu beats a Lewis gun every time.

PHOTO: UMOJATURNER

Beyond their tactical acumen, the emus proved stunningly resilient in combat. All the intelligence the Australian Defence Force had gathered up to that time had indicated that a bullet would cause considerable inconvenience to a bird when applied directly to the flesh. Not so for the hardy emu. To their dismay, the soldiers discovered that when you shot an emu, more often than not it just kept running. To actually bring an emu down you had to keep pumping in the lead and the damn thing was probably out of range by the time you loosed enough ammo at it. It was an intolerable situation for a proud soldier: not only was it fiendishly difficult to hit the birds as they split up and weaved erratically across the plains, but even if you did hit them it bothered them about as much as a moderately aggressive mosquito. Major Meredith wrote that emus were a formidable foe in the vein of the Zulus, noting, "If we had a military division with the bullet-carrying capacity of these birds it would face any army in the world."

In the end the government recognised the futility of trying to eradicate emus with their feeble mortal weapons, and the army withdrew after some rather pointed questions in parliament, including a query to the Minister of Defence as to whether medals would be struck for service in the Emu Campaign. A bounty system encouraging locals to hunt their own emus proved more effective in the end, and the Emu War passed into history. The only remaining question being: why exactly don't we have a military division of emus?

Ben Pobjie is an author and comedian who can be found writing for the ABC, Crikey, Fairfax and anyone else who'll have him. He lives in Melbourne with a wife, three children, one cat and a rising sense of panic. His new book, Aussie Aussie Aussie!, a collection of comedic biographies of Australian history's greatest figures, is out now through Affirm Press.

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SUMMER SHOES

SPRING COURT

SPRING Court tennis shoes have been considered revolutionary since their inception in 1936 by Georges Grimmeisen, a rubber manufacturer who wanted to play tennis in comfort. With lightweight, breathable canvas tops, they were instantly successful, although it wasn't until the 1960s when people started wearing sports shoes outside of their respective arenas that the company received legend status.

G2N Canvas, white, $125
www.springcourt.com.au

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SUMMER SHOES

NIKE AIR ZOOM MARIAH

WHEN Nike announced the return of the Air Zoom Mariah this year, hardcore sneaker fans went nuts with excitement. The updated version is more a hybrid of the Flyknit Racer and the original Mariah, with a super-comfy sock-style shape and laces that are more for show than anything else.

They released a few limited colourways for true collectors, but our favourite is undeniably the white / mauve / orange colour scheme which harks back to the late '80s / early '90s mish-mash of bold hues and clean, fresh threads and kicks. They're kinda too good to exercise in – wear them with white pants and belt out your best Backstreet Boys single.

Men's Air Zoom Mariah Flyknit Racer A $220
www.nike.com.au

SUMMER SHOES

LONSDALE QUAD

LONSDALE is one of the most iconic British sportswear brands available. With a rich heritage in boxing, which has now grown to include other disciplines such as MMA, the brand has provided clothing for some of the best fighters of all time, as well as celebrities Paul McCartney, Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn and Tony Curtis, who helped make their good, fashionable in the 1960s.

Given that Lonsdale is named after the bloke who pioneered the use of boxing gloves (boxers kept dying in the ring – weird, right?), it's certainly a fighting brand. But their shoes have also earned the company a reputation. Although they're made for the ring, the thin soles and minimalist design make them super-comfy daily wearers.

QUAD Black / Gold $99.90
www.lonsdalelondon.com.au

MUST-HAVE PRODUCTS

BEST FITNESS GEAR OF 2017

1. WAHOO KICKER

Meet the ultimate indoor bike trainer, the Wahoo KICKR. Take the rear wheel off your bike and connect to the Wahoo KICKR for accurate power measurement, controlled resistance and open third-party software options.

1.

2. STANCE SOCKS

This fusion athletic sock features moisture-wicking fibres and a mosaic of mesh that extends from the top of the foot to the arch. Stance's Air Channel Cushioning further enhances padding and breathability thanks to an articulated foot bed that increases airflow.

2.

3. GARMIN FENIX 5

Beat yesterday all day, every day. The Fenix 5 is the premium multisport GPS watch with wrist-based heart rate, advanced fitness features and interchangeable bands that let you go from workplace to workout without breaking stride. Wear it to your workouts, or rock it like a boss at work. $700.

3.

4. FUNKY DUMBELLS

Gymgoers looking to add a fun and a funky touch to their routine will soon be able to workout with doughnut-shaped gym buddies. Most likely not for the serious of gym bros, the Funky Dumbell adds a little bit of fun to your workout environment.

5. SUPERNOVA 2.0™

Perfect for recovery and deep tissue therapy, the MobilityWOD Supernova 2.0 features a robust new design and an alternative to traditional foam rollers and massage balls. Features include an improved nylon frame construction, grip-strong TPE tread, and an innovative, fully updated groove pattern. $39.95

6. OAKLEY EVZERO STRIDE MATTE BLACK

If you're after glasses with a wide field panoramic view and superb color detail then look no further. Perfect for cycling, and made to fit small to medium faces, the EVZero brings performance and casual style to your outfit.

4.

5.

6.

HYPERWEAR HYPER VEST PRO

If you are looking to step up your workout, the Hyper Vest PRO is the leading weight vest on the market. Perfect for sports performance training, cross training and general fitness, or rehab, the vest hugs the body for an extremely comfortable fit that doesn't restrict range of motion, and comes pre-loaded with 10 lbs of high density steel weights.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

SAXX KINETIC UNDERWEAR

WHEN it comes to comfort for menswear, your balls are probably the first thing you consider. So many brands lay claim to making the most supportive undies on the market, yet so few genuinely achieve the goal of making daks that deliver on taming the testes.

Saxx's unique patented design feature known as the BallPark PouchTM, is based on a baseball catcher's mitt (I kid you not). The supportive hammock-shape pouch features in all of the brands underwear designs, providing support and reducing nasty chafing.

Saxx's Kinetic range, made from stretch micromesh which breathes and draws moisture away from the skin – is great for when you're training and need some extra amenity for your nuts.

Kinetic Boxer - Storm/Orange $49.95
www.saxxunderwearaustralia.com.au

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www.crankt.com.au

SUMMER WORKOUT

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EVERYONE'S always talking about the latest miracle cure to get fit and strong in record time. Unfortunately for the most part, it's bullshit. Results come from hard work and consistency. That's not to say people haven't figured out the quickest and most effective weight to transform your body fast. Ultimate Performance was founded to create the most effective method of personal training in the world. If you want results and fast, the results at UP speak for themselves.

We caught with UP founder Nick Mitchell to find out more about the gym and the philosophy behind it.

What makes UP different from other gyms?

I set up Ultimate Performance because when I started personal training I used to look around at what was on offer for clients and everything was at best distinctly average. I wanted something for that group of people who wanted something a little bit special. Whatever the goals of our clients, we do whatever it takes to get them to where they want to be as quickly and as efficiently as possible.

A lot of people complain that they don't have the time to train.

There is always time to train. There are 24 hours in a day. All you need is one single hour out of those 24 to be able to get a decent, challenging and purposeful workout in. The thousands of clients we work with at Ultimate Performance are often busy executives and business leaders who are 'time poor' and have incredibly hectic work schedules. Our bespoke training programmes are designed to elicit the maximum benefit in the minimum amount of time.

What's up next for Ultimate Performance?

We are at an incredibly exciting moment in time for the business. This year alone we have opened UP gyms in Sydney, Dubai and Amsterdam, and we are about to open our first gym in the USA with UP Los Angeles. It's a huge risk and challenge - the U.S. has been the graveyard for many a foreign business, and the fitness industry over there is extremely poor from a PT perspective. We are going to have to change Personal Trainers' perceptions of what a PT career really means if we are to succeed, but if we do then look for 50 North American UPs by 2020. We have also developed and launched a range of new nutritional supplements that we believe will be a big boost to many people's health and fitness regime.

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COOLSCULPTING

SO you've been hitting the gym, training like a madman and you're looking good and feeling great. Awesome! But you just can't get rid of that last little role, the one that looks like it belongs in a bakery, but it's hanging off you. Well, good news! You're not the only one suffering from stubborn, unwelcome fat. CoolSculpting is a procedure that eliminates stubborn fat safely and effectively, without surgery or downtime.

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Is it for me?

CoolSculpting is for people looking to make mild improvements. Results do vary, depending on the size and mass of the person, the density of the tissue around the fat, and how much of it there is. Ultimately this is not a weight reduction procedure.

When should I start?

Don't listen to those forever dreary Starks, summer is coming and it's here to stay… At least for a few months. So it's time to get in shape ahead of those vacations, summer weddings and days spent at the beach.

It's available Australia wide. For more info check www.coolsculpting.com.au to find the nearest location. FDA and TGA approved

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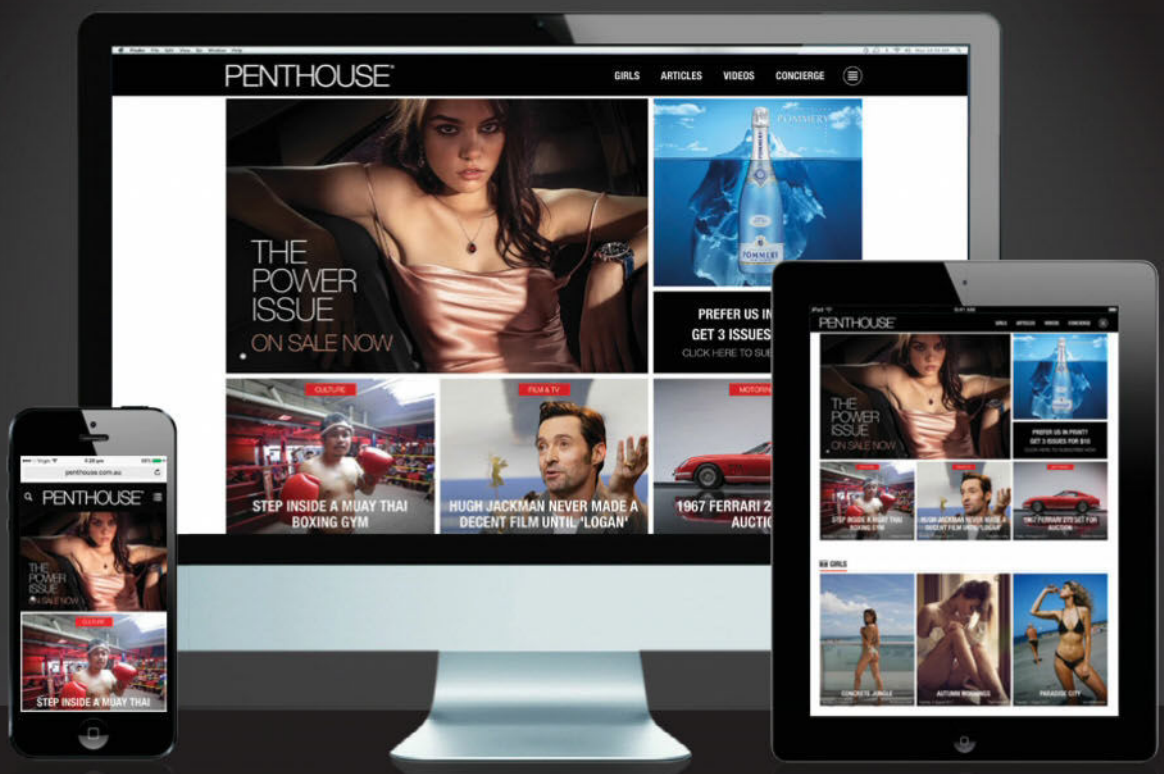

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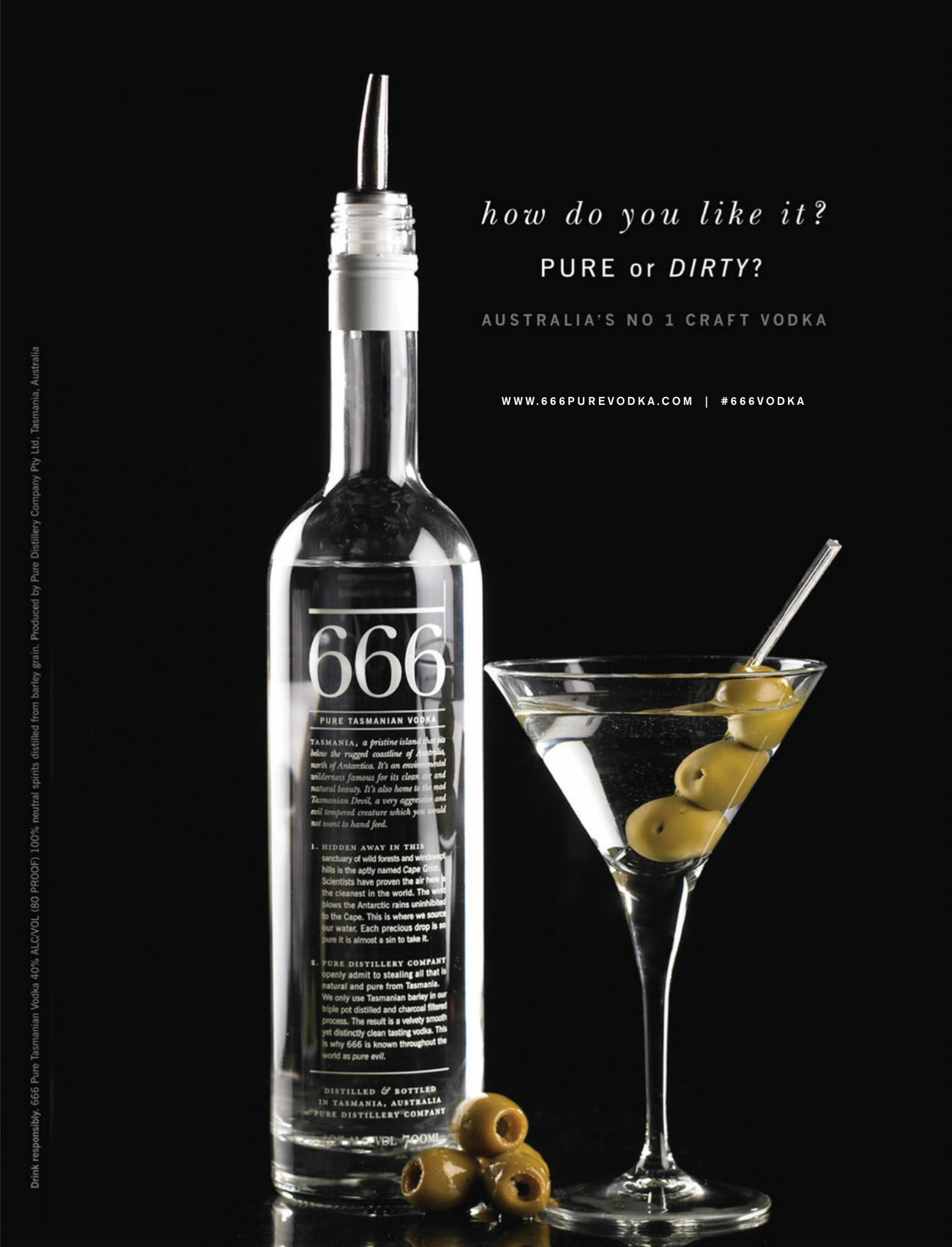
MODEL: ASHLEN ALEXANDRA

10/17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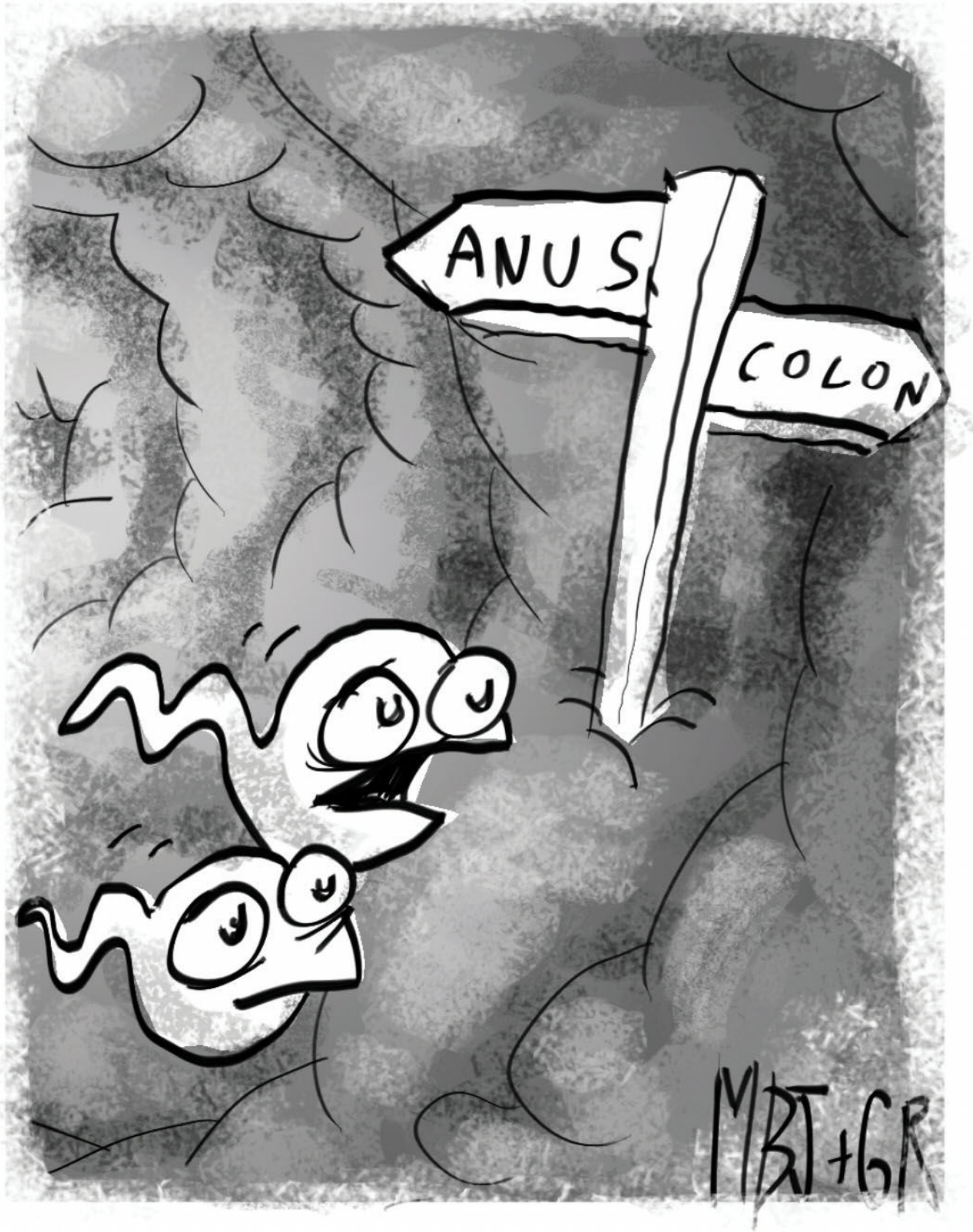
Drink responsibly. 666 Pure Tasmanian Vodka 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF) 100% neutral spirits distilled from barley grain. Produced by Pure Distillery Company Pty Ltd, Tasmania, Australia



“God I hate birthdays.”

OPINION

FAST TRACK TO FATNESS

PROFESSIONAL SPORTS ARE PROPPED UP WITH GREASY, FAT-LADEN PROFITS.
BY STEPHEN CORBY

IT'S all the Colonel's fault. You know the one, Colonel Sanders, with his wee, beady little eyes, his come-and-get-it grin and his 11 secret herbs and spices, two of which must be crack and methamphetamine.

Not only is he helping turn us into a nation of pear-shaped love-handle wobblers, with kids who look like they'd bounce if you dropped them from high enough, but he's also ruined our national game, cricket, and our parochial East Coast one, rugby league – with a little help from third umpires/video refs, and some greasy money.

Todd Sampson, the bloke with the try-hard T-shirts on *The Gruen Transfer* who looks like he's never darkened the door of a KFC, was once asked to nominate the most valuable advertising spots in Australia.

He didn't go for the big billboards on our slow and sludgy city streets, or for the commercials shown during the AFL Grand Final, which stops to show ads about eight times as often as the NRL one does.

Nope, he reckons the most valuable bit of commercial property in the country is the screen that flashes up every time the officials go upstairs in an NRL game, telling us that regardless of whether it's Try or No Try, it's always time to shove an oily substance that might be chicken caked in salt and what seems to be old-man's scrotum skin into our mouths.

Think about it in terms of a captive audience. Whether you're at the game or watching at home, your eyes are going to turn to that screen every time there's a big call, and even if you don't get a fanging for a fillet burger straight away, it'll get you eventually.

It's also interesting to see where KFC spends its money, switching to the third umpire in cricket (the brand is "the official Fast Food Restaurant of Cricket Australia", which, at present, means no players can be paid to work there) in summer, and hitting the similarly bloketastic market of V8 Supercar racing the rest of the time.

Now I'm not a conspiracy theorist (although I do believe that Colonel Sanders probably was part of a secret group of billionaires plotting to run the world before he carked it,) but is it just possible that when KFC hands over a large wedge of its fat-based profits every year to the NRL to sponsor that highly visible spot, a discussion might be had about just how many times it can expect to have its ads shown?

So I found it harder to swallow than day-old McDonald's when the Federal Government recently held a "secret", yet well-publicised, war council with the bosses of rugby league, AFL, rugby union, cricket and netball, aimed at fighting youth obesity.

It's not just the Colonel and his games, either, because the AFL is plastered with McDonald's branding and ads, as well as raking in cash from Coca-Cola and the giant Mars chocolate group.

Let's face it, organised sport cares as much about childhood obesity as Pizza Hut does about making its pizzas genuinely Italian.

ORGANISED SPORT CARES AS MUCH ABOUT CHILDHOOD OBESITY AS PIZZA HUT DOES ABOUT MAKING ITS PIZZAS GENUINELY ITALIAN

And who's the other most high-profile sponsor of professional sport? That's right, another health-friendly favourite: Victoria Bitter.

Not that we're here to say anything bad about beer, obviously, because it is a magical substance that improves quality of life for men everywhere, on a daily basis. When taken in moderation, of course, and preferably not with "VB" written on it, frankly.

No, the problem here is that Australia has an obesity problem, and we all know it, because we see it every day. But as long as fast food continues to thrive, and even multiply, as a part of our daily diets, we're just going to look more and more like Americans.

And you know who was American, don't you?

OPINION

GETTING BLOWN AND BLOWN UP

TERROR, LIKE INFIDELITY, DOESN'T HAVE TO BE FREQUENT TO BE STRIKING. SO HOW DO WE DEAL WITH IT?
BY GUY RUNDLE

EVERYDAY life rules tend to carry over pretty well into the great events of the world. When the friend you've taken out on the turps to get over a bad break-up keeps saying into his beer, "I'm alright… I'm fiiiiiiine," you can be pretty sure you'll be getting a sobbing phone call from him at 3am, with Whitney playing in the background. "Re-e-e-m-ember when we all went paintballing… *will always loooove yoyoyou*…" Yeah, Ray, I do. Please take more-than-two-less-than-four sleepers now. I'm pretty sure I'll see you tomorrow, and the next day, and…

So, too, when a nation takes a big hit, multiple pronouncements from high and low that 'this won't change us' tend to suggest rather the opposite. Thus it is in the UK at the moment. And France. And who knows where next? When very angry young men, deluded and ruthless, blow themselves up in a crowd of kids or slash their way through a nightclub zone, and when that looks like it might be part of an ongoing series, you don't get to choose whether you've been changed or not. It's happened.

Public space and the city, the realm of freedom and self-expression, ain't the same anymore. What's then required from people in all walks of life is not to lend their efforts to mass propaganda mobilisation but to think coolly and calmly about what's going on, what's still possible, and what has gone away for a while.

The plain fact is what's amazing in Western societies is not how much terror and violence there is but how little. Once radical Islamists made their crucial innovation in Western terror attacks – actively intending not to survive them – then potentially anything could happen. Very little did. Iraq was not so lucky. For a decade it has been subject to daily, weekly and monthly suicide bombings that the 'meeja' has long since stopped bothering to cover. Even when you add the numerous 'foiled plots' – which are, often as not, two wannabe jihadis talking shit in coffee shops, all picked up in a microphone in the hummus – it is extraordinary how integrated the West is, how little civil war there is.

Northern Ireland, Italy in the 1970s: now that was civil war. Given that a lot of Western Arab Muslims are seeing cable-TV stories you aren't – aftermath of Western bombing runs, documented Western support for murderous gangs styling themselves as 'armies' – I am genuinely surprised by how little terror there is. Getting in a car remains by far the most dangerous thing any young person will do on a Saturday night in a big city.

But to return to the possibly icky analogy of blowing up and getting blown, terror, like infidelity, doesn't have to be frequent to be striking. Doesn't matter how often you tell yourself the relative risks of jihadism/getting in a car/being a personal friend of Ben Cousins, terror has its impact in part by the manner of the killing, not the fact of it. It's not only the horror of being shredded or stabbed – it's the sheer purpose behind it, the intimacy of it. Terror reduces you to being nothing more than the object of someone's twisted intent. With jihadi terror, it's even worse. For all the foreign wars stuff that goes into jihadi terror – which the powers-that-be would love to underestimate, to erm, zero – a lot of Western jihadi terror is about some perverse demand for identity, recognition, a lethal teenage tantrum.

Dying violently or being annihilated is key for the jihadi; killing others is a secondary bonus. If it weren't, if the jihadi wave in the West was fundamentally *political*, they would leave bag-bombs at railway stations or cinemas. The mayhem would be much greater. Bomb making used to be an arcane art, now it takes four minutes on the internet to find all you need. The carnage is limited by the fact that a suicide bomber is, in the last analysis, disposable.

THE PLAIN FACT IS WHAT'S AMAZING IN WESTERN SOCIETIES IS NOT HOW MUCH TERROR AND VIOLENCE THERE IS BUT HOW LITTLE.

So, does it not change us? Of course it does. It changes public space, our idea of it, public selfhood, how we live publicly. Denial of such will only hide the way in which our freedom is compromised by collective 'keep calm and carry on' mobilisations. In the UK, terror feeds into WWII nostalgia and a memory – somewhat gilded – of unity of purpose. Queueing and being bombed from above: the great British passions. I think they've probably had enough of being bombed by someone in the queue. And in Australia? Any attempt to mobilise us fails on the grounds that most of our homegrown 'terrorists' are fuck-ups. Lethal men causing tragedy, but because the tragedy is a siege in a chocolate shop or calling an escort *then* taking her hostage a degree of farce as well.

We should enjoy the good times while we can. They may last forever. They may end tomorrow – or in the fortnight between this being written and printed – with a large and lethal blow. Then we will be changed. The best way to end something is to keep saying 'don't leave me'. There is no reason not to believe our luck won't hold indefinitely, and live on that basis.

IMAGE: SERAZETDINOV

FLASHBACK

HOMEBODY

October 1988
Model: Rachel Byrne
Photographer: Nick Brokensha

EXPERIENCE
POMMERY
CHAMPAGNE
POMMERY
ROYAL
BLUE SKY
CHAMPAGNE
POMMERY
SUR GLACE
PLEASE DRINK RESPONSIBLY

60 YEARS OF ADVENTURE
AND DISCOVERY
LN-NCC
BREITLING
1884
AUTOMATIC
superOcean
200M/660FT
12
superOcean
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BREITLING
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